Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 30.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 8—Third night of the re-engagement of Mr. Power RORY O'MORE.
MONDAY, Sept. 10—Last night but 3 of Mr. Power's engagement. RORY O'MORE and OUR MARY ANNE.
TUESDAY, Sept. 11—Last night but 2 of Mr. Power's engagement. RORY O'MORE and SECRET SERVICE.
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12—Last night but one of Mr. Power.
THURSDAY, Sept. 13—Last night of Mr. Power.
FRIDAY, Sept. 14—Mr. POWER'S BENEFIT.
Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Field Sports of Illinois" in our next; shall be glad to hear from the writer again, or any one else writing as well.

"*Answer to certain Queries.*"—Yes, marm!

"Who was it?"—Louisiana Boat Race—Boston Theatricals—Esther Cooper's Race at Louisville, and three or four more original communications, are in type.

☞ How the devil do Managers suppose we are to advertise the performances at their Theatres without they send them to us in season? Don't imagine for an instant we shall send for them, as we shall do no such thing.

W. C. S. of Arks. is received, and his request complied with. Should Mr. S. send us the names of a "round dozen" of Prairie Sportsmen, as subscribers to the "Spirit," the opinion we have formed of him from the *manner*, as well as the matter, of his letter, would be at once confirmed.

A. D. H. Esq., of Ky., came safe to hand. The remittance has been applied agreeably to his directions.

Since our last, the following gentlemen have forwarded us some acceptable additions to our subscription list:—F. R. S. Esq., Tenn.—E. T. Esq., N. C.—J. R. P. Esq., Pa.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Notwithstanding the very equivocal reception of the new farce of "*The Irish Lion*" on its first representation last week, POWER seems determined to push it. It is quite the most commonplace production we have seen from BUCKSTONE'S pen, and however successful it may have been abroad, the Park audience certainly regard it as below mediocrity. On Tuesday was produced a new farce, still more stupid, if possible; it was written, as the bills say, "by J. H. REYNOLDS, Esq., expressly for Mr. Power," and is called "*Confounded Foreigners.*" A "confounded" poor thing it is. *Lieut. Phelan*, the principal character, is sustained by Power, and affords little scope for the inimitable humor and spirit which characterise his personations generally. There is one redeeming feature in The Irish Lion, in a single scene of which Power, as *Tom Moore*, the Irish journeyman tailor, is supremely great; "all the rest is leather and prunella."

Ample amends, however, were made on Thursday for whatever bad and indifferent pieces Power may have ever introduced to his audiences on this side of the Atlantic. We refer to the "original, serio, comic, romantic drama in three acts, called '*Rory O'More*,' written expressly for Mr. Power by SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.," the celebrated author of Legends of Ireland, etc. Mr. Lover has contrived to introduce in his drama every striking incident, story, and song contained in his amusing novel of Rory O'More, and we conceive it, as a whole, quite the most racy, mirth-provoking drama Power has ever produced. The genius and sterling humor of the author are admirably illustrated by POWER and PLACIDE, in the two principal characters, and we do not remember to have seen either to greater advantage. The house was in a perpetual roar of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

The novel of Rory O'More has been so universally read, that no detail of the plot or business of the drama is required. It was produced with new scenery, machinery, etc., and went off with the utmost eclat. CHIPPENDALE'S *Maj. Scrubbs*, and RICHINGS' *Shan Dhu*, were particularly well done, and we must not forget the *Kathleen* of Mrs. RICHARDSON, nor the *Mary O'More* of the pretty Mrs. HUGHES. The piece has been given out for repetition every evening until farther notice.

The National opened on Monday last, with *Damon and Pythias*, in which FORREST and FORBES appeared, to a house crowded to the ceiling; BARRETT played in the afterpiece. The three together would fill a house even larger than the National, which is nightly crammed. The stock company, like that at the Park, is "shocking, positively shocking." A very clever young lady, Miss VIRGINIA MONIER, is engaged to "lead the business," and though not so pretty as Miss EMMA WHEATLEY, nor so dashing or spirited an actress as ANN WARING SEFTON, she is a decided acquisition. Our limits will only permit us to add, that Forrest and his contemporary stars are playing with a great degree of spirit, and to full houses.

The Olympic.—BOOTH has "done the trick" for CHARLES THORNE, the new manager, and we are glad to see him "in luck," for he is a clever fellow, "and so is his wife," as Power says. Booth has been "doing the legitimate" every night to immense houses. Poor fellow, he ought to get a new one of Dr. Scudder, or murder TOM FLYNN, for breaking his nose. What a Guy he will look as "the lean and hungry Cassius" with only an apology for a nose! There's one good thing about it, however, it will "stay blowed!"

The Franklin has received an acquisition in TOM PLACIDE, just returned from the South. Tom did not "behave pretty" in the matter of his Mobile management, but he is a very clever actor for all that, and his *Pierre Coeholet* in the "Bold Dragoons," has not a rival on the American stage.

The "*Mrs. Conduit*" formerly engaged at the Park, and respecting whom the WOOD row was excited, has been playing the very Devil and Tom Walker with JOHNNY CONDUIT at New Orleans. John states that she has "gone, hook and line," leaving his bed, his board, and *her* boy. She, in turn, says he is of "no account"—that she never was married to him, and what is more, never will be. She has since married young DE BAR, the comedian, while Miss DE BAR has run away with FRED—but we won't name the naughty man.

Concert.—We understand that Mr. NORTON, the celebrated professor on the trumpet, is to give a grand concert at the City Hotel, during the next week, and will be assisted by the best vocal and instrumental talent in New York. HORN is composing a new song, with a *splendid trumpet obligato* for the occasion.

Jim Crow RICE'S new local farce of "*Penchant*, or Every One to his Liking," was produced at Niblo's on Monday, for WATSON'S benefit, and brought an immense house. The plot is feeble, and the dialogue excessively stupid, but as the piece has since been cut down and remodelled, it may have a run. Rice personated with great effect the philosophising boot-black "Old Cæsar," a character as familiarly known as the City Pump. He is induced, by the promise of "lots of liquor," to represent, at a party, an Indian chief, *Tuscarora*, to cure an antiquated maiden lady of a penchant for the red warrior, with whom she had unaccountably fallen desperately in love on seeing him at the National theatre. Rice's Choctaw dialect was "an immense go," as Tom Flynn would say, and he progressed swimmingly in the lady's good graces until he got "dry," and asked the lady, in very matter-of-fact Yankee, for "a gin cocktail!" The lady was effectually cured, and the piece ended, as they generally do, with a reconciliation, a wedding, and all that sort of thing. In the course of the play, was introduced a new version of the song of Jim Crow, which was repeated half a dozen times; the audience were convulsed especially with the account of a Mr. Charles H. Delevan's visit to the king—his showing him his silver knife and fork—and finally, as he had some loose change, asking *Mr. Rex* to take a drink. Young VAN BUREN'S interviews with Queen Victoria were slyly hit off, and told well. The underplot of the piece introduced JOHN SEFTON in the character of a certain *exquisite*, well known about town, of whom Miss NELSON knows as much as we do. John no sooner made his appearance than his individual personation was at once recognised by the audience. The gentleman in question was hit off to the life. Rice procured somewhere an overgrown lump of humanity to personate an asinine blockhead about town, whose disgusting bestiality and impudence have made him quite notorious enough, one would think, without farther endeavors on his part to effect it.

We very much question the propriety, under any circumstances, of introducing living characters upon the stage. Had the individuals thus held up to ridicule, or their friends, taken summary steps to prevent the performance, or if persisted in, had they even proceeded to violence, they would have been fully justified in public opinion. But as one of them prefers a disgraceful notoriety to none at all, and the only gentleman individualized thought so lightly of the atrocious insult as to be in attendance to witness "the deep damnation of his taking off," the public cannot be expected to interest itself very deeply in the matter, or

> "care a toss up,
> Whether Mossop kicks Barry, or Barry kicks Mossop."

Concert at the City Hotel.—Mrs. GIBBS will give a Grand Concert in the saloon of the City Hotel on Monday evening next, assisted by Madame MARONCELLI and Signor FABJ, of the late Italian Opera, Mr. JONES, of the Park theatre, Mr. DOWNE, the celebrated flutist, and Mr. BASSFORD, who will preside at the piano. The entertainments of the evening are varied, and of a highly interesting character, and gentlemen accompanying ladies should go early to secure seats.

"*A Nice Chunk of a Fight*" was represented at the Franklin on Monday evening, "being the last time of its performance," DINNEFORD says, if he can get up anything else. According to "The Transcript," two of the company (Messrs Bannister and Green) went through "the Fancy" scene in Tom and Jerry upon the stage instead of Tom Cribb's parlor, and handled their "bunches of fives" with a spirit and effect unsurpassed on the boards of that theatre, in despite of the attempts of the manager to bring the scene to a pacific close. The Transcript states that "the spectators in the pit, catching the contagion of this heroic and illustrious example, sprung upon the stage, and took an active part in the affray, and for a time there were more actors on the stage, and more characters in the drama than were exhibited in the bills, or were intended to be introduced. After sundry fierce encounters, and the representation of the *Red Sea* on the faces of the combatants, the parties pugilistic in this entertaining melo-drama were quieted and dispersed by the officers, who performed the last act of this new piece."

The Spirit of the Times stated that Madame Lecompte was still indisposed, and would not be able for three months to appear on the stage, in consequence of the accident which occurred to her at the Park. We are pleased to learn that she has entirely recovered, and is ready to re-appear whenever her services are required. Our managers may depend too much on Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera, and will find that the operatic ballet, on a splendid scale, is their best card.
Evening Star of Monday.

We are heartily glad to hear of Madame LECOMPTE'S complete recovery, and hope to see her at the Park as soon as an opening can be made. By the bye, will our friend Maj. NOAH inform us what is meant by the hints conveyed in the last two sentences of the paragraph quoted above? A "cheap and nasty" weekly paper has, we hear, been running a muck against the Park management for weeks, because Madame Lecompte's "services are *not* required" now that she "is ready to appear!" Madame L.'s inability to complete her engagement was as much regretted by the resident manager as by herself or friends; he was obliged to put up the *Bedouins* alone for nearly three weeks, with no other attraction whatever on the off nights. Then Madame's "services *were* required," but she "was *not* ready to appear." Her failure to fulfil her engagement, when half his company were enjoying a recess in the country, lost him a couple of thousands; did the manager complain? But now when the September season has commenced, and the nights for six weeks are filled up by POWER, VESTRIS, MATHEWS, and ELLEN TREE, *now* her friends say "she is ready to appear whenever her services are required!" Is she, indeed? Perhaps they would like the manager to break his engagement with his other stars, and make nights for her! they seem to be aiming at this; or would they prefer that he paid her her $100 per night, and put her name up with Power's—the most attractive star in the country? Pray tell us "what are ye at," any way?

P.S. Since writing the paragraph above, we have been apprised by Mons. LECOMPTE that he has instituted a suit against the manager of the Park for damages for the injuries sustained by his wife, in consequence of the machinery giving way during her performance of *La Sylphide*. His legal advisers, as well as his friends, are much to blame for counselling him to adopt any such proceeding. The same machinery had been used night after night by Madame L., and by Miss MAYWOOD and Miss WELLS, and was deemed perfectly secure. The idea of commencing a suit for damages in such a case seems to us absurd. Indeed, we are not aware if damages have ever been recovered in this country for unfortunate accidents of the kind. Miss NELSON has fallen upon the stage three or four times, and been hurt severely in one or two instances, but did she ever recover damages? Did poor old WHEATLEY? And Mrs. BARRY, who was nearly killed by falling through a trap-door at the Park with Mr. SIMPSON (who had his leg broken), did she recover damages? If this matter of recovering damages is so readily accomplished as Madame Lecompte's legal advisers seem to have assured her, the wonder is that proceedings are not instituted against the owners of the ill-fated *Pulaski*, and the other owners of *steamboats* that have been blown up within a year or two, by which hundreds have been scalded or killed, and property to the amount of nearly a million destroyed.

LA BELLE AUGUSTA!—Are we never to see again the witching face and charming person of the divine Augusta? How do Messieurs the managers imagine we are to live through the winter without

> "the light of love and soul of beauty,"

so radiantly beaming in her eyes? What "poetry of motion" have you in store for us? Pray tell us if you have

> "A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
> Of finer form, or lovelier face?"

By the bye ["talking of guns!"] we were gratified on finding the other day the following sensible paragraph in one of our exchange papers, copied from the *New Era* of this city:—

Why do the Philadelphia papers persist in giving the name of another artist to the daughter of Mr. Maywood? There is an indelicacy about that proceeding which detracts greatly from any talent the child displayed while in this city. As to her being deemed a wonder, it is very probable some of the Parisians may have commended her precocity, for Monsieur knows that "a little flattery sometimes does well;" but can any one believe she could be so deemed in a city where Fanny Esler was performing? The bare idea is preposterous, and only fit to be administered to those who delight to dwell in the paradise of fools.

MATHEWS AND HIS CHERE AMIE AGAIN.—Does the Star endorse the characters of Mr. Charles Mathews and Madame Charles Mathews Vestris? Does the Star also endorse the late insult offered to American citizens by both these "distinguished personages," as reported in the Daily Whig, and not yet contradicted by Mr. Mathews? We have now the following further particulars. After the affair we stated some time since, Mr. Mathews came to Poughkeepsie and put up at the elegant Exchange Hotel on the river bank, with his reputed wife and three female and one male servants. Not satisfied with the termination of his first insult to American citizens, he tried the same game at the last place. The boarders had heard of the first affair and were prepared for it, but the landlord knew nothing of the matter. The four servants were sent to the table d'Hote, when the boarders immediately rose in a body, and walking to the bar, stated, that if the insult was permitted they demanded their bills, and would immediately leave the hotel. The landlord went directly to the servants and told them they must retire to the servants' table. He kindly explained to them, that if they travelled on their own account and put up at his house, they would be admitted to the table d'hote, but coming in the capacity they did, they must conform to the rules of the house. It appears that Mr. Mathews pocketed the matter here, and said nothing about it. We have these particulars from a gentleman who has just returned from Poughkeepsie, and who put up at the Exchange Hotel.
N. Y. Whig.

The attempt to kick up a row about MATHEWS and his wife is really a ridiculous business. The original account given by the Whig of the "*insult offered to American citizens*" was all a bam! The Whig laid the scene of the first "insult" at one of the hotels at Saratoga, whereas neither Mathews nor his lady have ever visited the Springs! No wonder Mathews has "not yet contradicted" the report. If he can find no pleasanter way of spending a few weeks leisure in this country, after the fatigues of a sea voyage, and upon his first visit, than replying to the thousand idle and scandalous stories that have been bruited abroad respecting himself and his wife, he is not that "chip of the old block" he is "cracked up to be." This editor of the Whig is a knowing youth; has his father any more like him? He particularizes "Mr. Charles Mathews" and "Madame Charles Mathews Vestris" his "reputed wife," and their "three female and one male servants," just as if he knew what he was writing about! He inadvertently omitted stating whether the "three female servants" were "reputed" to be married, or whether the "one male servant" was or was not "a gentleman of color," or a maid, or perhaps a mermaid, in disguise! Everybody is dying to know, of course, and if this "one male servant" *should* happen to be a female woman, we trust she will clearly esteem it her duty forthwith to send "Mr. Steadfast Dodge" of the Whig, a lock of her hair!

Another Gentleman insulted at the National!—The impudence and blackguardism of door and box-keepers, as the Recorder would say, "is becoming much too prevalent in this community!" Half a dozen complaints were made last season against one of the box-office keepers at the National, and we learned at length from the Manager that the obnoxious individual had been discharged. By the annexed communication in the Evening Star of Wednesday, we see the same, or "some other blackguard," has again renewed his insults to the visiters of that establishment:—

A Mr. Toomer, who is a doorkeeper at the National Theatre, grossly insulted a gentleman last evening, while entering the boxes with a lady; he charged him with palming on him a bad bill, and notwithstanding the gentleman protested he knew nothing of the affair, and had never before seen the bill, the passing of which was laid to him, he threatened to have him and his lady thrust into the street.

We think the interests of Mr. Wallack will "suffer some" this season, if he keeps men of this description about his place. The man afterwards acknowledged himself mistaken in the person; although during the altercation he was willing to make oath he received the bill from the gentleman alluded to. T.

The individual referred to above, addressed the following note to the "Star" on Thursday:—

Mr. Editor,—A correspondent complains very harshly of my conduct as doorkeeper of the National, in charging him with passing a counterfeit note. The facts are simply these: A Gentleman purchased two tickets in the morning, and gave a bill, which, being suspicious, I marked. The other door-keeper, in a mistake, asked a gentleman, supposed to be the person, after he had placed the lady in the Box, to step to the door; he did so, and I discovered he was not the gentleman and made every apology to him, and he was satisfied and returned to his seat. I was neither rude nor violent, every thing was quiet and orderly, I only acted in discharge of my duty, and no one who saw the affair could charge me with rudeness. It was a mistake—no more. JAMES TOOMER.

WALLACK is hourly expected in the *Europe*, from Liverpool. We hear that in addition to Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON, Signor DE BEGNIS and Mr. E. SEGUIN have been engaged by Wallack. The whole party with CELESTE, and her *Ballet*, from Paris, are on their way to this port. Of the eighteen young ladies composing this *corps de ballet*, several are described as being "perfect loves!" "John, hand me my hat."

Mons. MARTIN, a brother of Madame LECOMPTE, and late first dancer at Milan, is in town. But for the unhappy differences existing between this lady and the manager of the Park we might have anticipated the pleasure of seeing them on the boards of that theatre at the conclusion of ELLEN TREE'S engagement, up to which period every night is filled up. The unpleasantness to which we allude we have spoken of in another place, and sincerely trust it may be adjusted to the mutual satisfaction of all parties. We congratulate Madame L. upon her recovery most heartily, and beg to assure her that a great degree of sympathy is felt for her on all hands.

WARD opened the Holliday st. theatre, Baltimore, on Monday last to a full house. Among his new people is the pretty Miss McBRIDE, from Boston, and STANLEY. BURTON, from Philadelphia, is the great card; CLINE is also there.

New Amphi-theatre.—The proprietors of the Zoological Institute have at length commenced the new theatre they have had so long in contemplation, upon the plan of their Lion theatre in Boston. They are now tearing down the buildings 37 and 39 Bowery, heretofore occupied by the Institute; the lots upon which they have been standing are 250 feet deep, extending through to Christie street, and the new theatre will front the grim and blackened ruins of the old Bowery. The Star, which puffs every thing in this quarter, states that the proprietors

"Will erect a splendid amphitheatre after the style of Astley's, in London, with a stage for dramatic spectacles, &c. &c. As Cooke has left for England, and a first rate company of equestrians can be had, the project will be a highly successful one. They expect to be open by the middle of October, as their contracts are all made."

How the managers are to erect an amphi-theatre "after the style of Astley's in London," upon a lot of about sixty feet front is more than we can tell, though our friend of the Star appears to know all about it. The same noise and flourish was made when the Lion theatre at Boston was projected; and which, when finished, looked about as much like Astley's as it did a Georgia school house, or a groggery in Arkansas. The managers of the Institute, however, are very clever, enterprising people, and we hope they will succeed.

THE WHISPERING HORSE TAMER.

Mr. Editor,—The following sentence in a note of Nimrod's, in your March number, reminded me so forcibly of a poor horse-breaker, who lived not many miles from here a few years ago, that I cannot avoid requesting room for a short sketch of his practice. Nimrod says, "I saw a remarkable instance of the power and influence of the human voice over the brute creation, when l oking over the stables at Attre, with Count Duval." My hero was a horse breaker, I may say, by birth, as were his father and grandfather before him, for he traced his genealogy through a long and unbroken line of snafflers, to Sullivan (they never took the O). rough-rider to the unfortunate Soogaun, Earl of Desmond. Con, better known as The Whisperer, migrated in his youth from Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, where his progenitors had dwelt since the days of the Geraldine, to the Duhallow country, where he was almost exclusively employed by the late Lord Doneraile, as is his eldest son, and heir to his secret, by the present Viscount. His fame is not altogether confined to the narrow circle where he exercised his miraculous powers, for he is honorably mentioned in the Rev. Horace Townshend's Statistical Survey of the County of Cork. I cannot at present refer to the work, but as well as my memory serves me, Mr. Townshend states that he was on a visit to Lord Doneraile's, where he had ocular demonstration of the effect of Con's "ear-kissing arguments," nothing short of which could have convinced him that the whispering was not a cheat. He is also introduced by Banim in his novel, "The Boyne Water," where, by a trifling anachronism, acknowledged in a note, he is made to play a conspicuous part about a century before he was born.

According to Nimrod, Count Duval's power did not altogether lie in the voice, for he lectured his horse with "his clenched fist in his face." But Sullivan, or as his son invariably pronounces his name, Soolivan, carefully avoided all gesticulation, and trusted entirely, as will be seen, to some combination of sounds known only to himself. I gleaned most of the particulars which I am about to detail from his second son, who is whipper-in to the Duhallow hounds; others I heard from some old members of the club, who often saw him charm, and who fully corroborated the son's statements. His *modus operandi* was by a whisper, and hence his cognomen. He was so anxious to avoid the slightest appearance of bullying, that he generally walked up to the subject he was about to tame with his hands behind his back. So unaccountable, so magical, was the power he instantaneously acquired over the most savage brute, that his parish priest, who had good and sufficient grounds for not believing him a saint, threatened to denounce him as a sorcerer if he did not reveal his secret. But Con put his trust in Lord Doneraile, and defied the priest, the pope, and the devil. Unlike the Count Duval, whose lesson appears to have been forgotten before the teacher was out of sight, his whisper made an indelible impression, and invariably brought the pupil to a degree of docility, unattainable by the usual course in months of the severest discipline.

One of the most public and best remembered performances was on King Pepin, a famous racer when he *would* go, but that was only when he was in the vein. He used sometimes to get into a vicious humor, when it became a service of real danger, and sometimes utterly impossible to saddle him, and fame said he had killed two grooms at the Curragh. Be this as it may, he was brought out to start for a heavy plate at the Mallow races, and when saddling time came, it found him in one of his unmanageable moods. He reared, plunged, and flung out fore and aft, until he completely cowed both groom and jock. It was at this crisis, when he appeared to have it all his own way, and when the men in charge of him, having given up all hope of getting him to start, were consulting as to how they could coax him back to his stable, that some one who had backed him P. P. recommended that he should be "*whispered.*" As it was the only chance left of taming him in time for the start, his owner gladly availed himself of it, though warned that horses were sometimes thrown into a state of stupor by the process, and that it always took more out of them than a four mile heat. Con, who never missed a race, was soon found, and he was delighted at the opportunity of "fwhuishperin before so much *quollity* from all parts." "Shew us the wild baste," said he, "and we'll soon tache him manners." When he got within the circle, and a wide one it was, in which Pepin was playing his antics, he walked up to him, with his hands behind his back, nor could he have put his trust in the power of the "human face divine" over the brute creation, for he went up from behind. He mumbled some words as he approached, which, though not quite inaudible, were as unintelligible as a sermon in the unknown tongue, but they had a most magical effect on his majesty, for he stood stock still. Sullivan then patted him on the neck, while he whispered a word or two in his ear, whereupon Pepin went on his knees, and incontinently lay down, as methodically as Ducrow's best trained and oldest stager. The Whisperer then stretched himself on him at full length, took out a pouch, containing pipe and tobacco, flint and steel, struck a light, and blew a cloud as he lounged on the belly of this high-mettled colt, with as much composure as if he were seated on a bench in his favorite tap-room. After two or three puffs he got up, beckoned the nag to his legs, saddled him, and walked off to the starting-post, followed by the horse, fawning on him, if I may use the phrase, like a dog. There were no more difficulties, except to win the race, which young Sullivan says he did in a canter. Now all this, I feel, sounds very like a *Jonathanism*, or a Munchausen, for even in his own day most people, like Mr. Townshend, were indisposed to admit such extraordinary feats on hearsay evidence; but no one ever saw him "whisper" without feeling convinced that he possessed some almost superhuman gift. I am really at a loss how to satisfy the English reader that I am not "*ranging* through the fields of fancy," but as this will be read by many persons in the neighborhood where Sullivan lived, the only thing I can do is to challenge contradiction. There is not a sportsman in Duhallow that has not heard of him, and there are many still living who knew him well, and were eye-witnesses to his performances.

Sullivan's introduction to Lord Doneraile was quite in character. I shall give it *verbum verbo*, as I had it from his son the whipper-in. "It was in a day the lord was dhrivin his own coach an four from Ballygilin,—'twas the ould Colonel that lived there thin, and a finer sportsman than that same ould gentleman God never put the breath of life in, and sore and sorry I am I can't pray for him—[It is by no means orthodox to pray for heretics]—this blessed mornin. But, as I was sayin, as the lord was dhrivin about half way betwinst the two great houses, one of the out-riders come up, and 'Plase your honor, my lord,' siz he, 'Wildfire—he was the off-side wheeler—has lost a fore shoe, and he's very tindher.' 'Thundher-an-ounns,' siz the lord, 'what will we do at all, at all!' 'Twas what med him in such throuble, that same coach-horse was a born divil in regard of shoein him, for that smith never dhruv a nail could as much as put one remove [putting on an old shoe] on him before or behind widout he'd sling him. Well, on they went for a little spell, till Wildfire fell dog lame, and the lord pulled up foreanenst Shawn Gow's forge, and when Shawn cum out, the lord med him sinsible of how the case was with him. 'We'll spancel* his two hind legs,' siz Shawn, siz he, 'an run a fetthers from that to his fore fetlock, then clap a grin upon him, an shure if he had double the divilment your honor says in him, that'll hould him while I'm tackin an ould slipper to him will car your honor home any how.' But the lord was for throwin him down, and Shawn sayid agin it, when who should ride up, and they argufyin the matther that way among 'em, but Soolivan. 'God bless the work,' siz he, 'an thim that's at it, not overlookin your honor an the cattle,' takin off his hat to the lord; 'an may a poor boy make bould for to ax what hoult you're in?' 'A hard case enough,' siz the lord himself, tellin him all about it, jest as I'm afther telling your honor. 'Shure then,' siz Soolivan, ''tis myself is the boy can release you, if that's all that's throubling you.' ''Tis asier said than done,' siz the lord. 'The divil a taste!—not conthradictin your honor,' siz my father; 'jest lave the boys be afther untacklin him out, an let myself an himself have as much as one minit's discoorse all alone to ourselves inside in the forge there, and I'll give you my head in my hand if I don't make him stand as quiet as e'er a baste your honor ever spread your fork upon.' 'Whoy, man,' siz a pot-bellied English coachman, who was cocked up cheek by jowl wid the lord, 'that 'orse wouldn't never go into a forge, the very soight of the hammers or the hanvil would make him run from his hoats.' 'Thrial makes mention,' siz my father, looking very contimptible, as you'd say, at fat chops, but he said nothin, he not bein as bowld on the lord the same time he was afther."

"'Any port in a storm,' is a good maxim, thought Lord D., so he ordered Wildfire to be unharnessed. 'Goosh a chopuleen!' [come, little horse], siz Soolivan, an into the forge he walked, the horse follyin him as tame as a spannil would a dog tacher. 'My eye, if that ere chap aint a rum un!' said coachee. But little time my father gave 'em for talkin, when he bid 'em walk in if they plases. 'What's that I sees!' cries the lord, openin his two eyes like a body would be afther seein a ghost. 'Wisha, nothin at all, your honor,' siz the Fwhuishperer, 'only a little adwice I'm afther givin this poor baste, in regard of the foolishness of sayin agin them that wor for his good, and he's no way fractious now, for siz he to me, afore I spoke three words to him, siz he, 'what's your will is my pleasure, and I'll never no more do nothing out of the way;' an I'll be bound he'll have Shawn Gow lift his leg as paceable as if he was but skin and bone.' When the servants, and the smith, and the rest of 'em, seen him houldin up Wildfire's leg, it bein the first time he done any thing of the likes in Duhallow, faix they had a mind to be in his wool, thinkin him no better nor the ould boy himself; an only for the lord, the divil a whole bone they'd lave in his skhin, when they see he wasn't anything bad, by his blessin himself, when one of 'em that was comin from a station,† threw a dhrop of holy wather on him. Howsumever, the lord had enough to do to keep the pace, for siz Shawn Gow and the rest of 'em, siz they, 'no honest man, barrin the clargy, could make a baste spake,'—the mudhauns thinkin my father was in oirnest, an he only jokin, when he toult 'em what Wildfire said to him; moreover, them as knew the horse's ways thought it jist as wundherful to see him houldin up his leg as for to hear him. Then when the hot shoe was clapped up to his huff, the divil a stir he stirred, an afther 'twas clinched and rasped, and Shawn left go his leg, divil a bit of it he'd lave to the ground, but houlding it up as stiff as a piece of crooked iron. 'You're afther ruinatin the horse, you vagabone of a botch,' siz the lord, quite aggrated, to Shawn; ''tis asy seen you dhruv every whole nail into his very quick, an he'll never put a toe to the ground agin.' Wid that he runs over to look at the clinches, and then thries to sthraighten the leg, but he may as well think for to unbend the band of a wagon-wheel wid his finger and thumb.—May I never go home alive, only the saddle I'm settin on to be my death-bed, if I'm tellin your honor one word of lies, but as Jack Dimpsy and Mick Mahony, the two outridhers the lord had that day, that seen it all wid their two livin eyes, toult it to me," said the whipper-in, who seemed to think this part of his story required some confirmation.

"Well, when they wur in the height of their wundherin, my father walks over and he rubs the leg for a bit, till 'twas as soople as a gad,—[a twisted twig,] then he left it down, and all at wanst [once] a cold sweat broke out through every bit of Wildfire's carkis, for all the world as if a can of could suds was spilt upon him. Well, not to tire your honor, while the boys were rubbin the sweat off the horse, and clappin the harness on him, the lord was thryin to coax the sacret out of my father, but he may as well be whistlin jigs to milestones. 'Twasn't long till he seen 'twas idle to be at him, so he handed him five goolden guineas—they wur plentier that time than notes—tellin him to come to Doneraile the next day, and thry his hand on a rumbumtious cowlt which was afther breakin the hearts in every one that put a hand in him; 'and,' siz he, 'if you do his job as clane and clever as you done Wildfire's, I'll make a man of you for the rest of your days.' 'I'm behowldin to your honor, my lord,' siz my father; 'and never you fear but what I'll bring that cowlt to his sinses in less than no time, whatsumever sort he is.' Thrue for him he did, and, well become the lord, he paid him like a born gentleman, and if me fadther had a ha'porth of sense he'd never see a poor day, nor them that came afther him. But his heart was never in the penny, and what he got asy he spint freely, and may the heavens be his bed any way, fur he had the sperrit of a man in him, and never done nothing mane."

Time and place were alike indifferent to Sullivan, and his cures were as lasting as his system was infallible. But all greatness must have its drawbacks, and when Con's renown spread far and near, the keeper of his conscience became alarmed for the well being of his soul. His reverence, who knew there was nothing fabulous in the stories which came to his ear every day, of some new performance of the Whisperer's, thought himself in duty bound to lecture him on his iniquities, for all charms are held to be highly sinful. He first scolded him well in private, and then anathematized him from the altar, as a dealer in the black art, until "loud whispers through the assembly went," at least through the female part of it, that Soolivan was to be avoided, as if he were Beelzebub himself. Con, however, though he would not renounce his errors, had to bend to the storm by changing his quarters when he found the district too hot for him, and, taking new ground for a season, to let the breeze blow over. But his heart was in the Doneraile stables, for his lordship never allowed his pampered colts to be handled until they were five off, when they gave Sullivan full scope for the display of his powers; and, according to his son, "he wasn't asy in his mind till he was among 'em once more."

Soon after his return, he met Father James at the turn of a road, where he could not well turn and flee, so he stood his ground manfully.

"Well, sir," said the priest, in his sternest accents, "do I see a new man before me, or are you come back to renew your diabolical sorceries in your old haunts!"

"Plase your riverence," said Con, "bein no scholar, I can't rightly understand them rocks of English that comes so natural to you; but maybe your honor would soften your language a bit, so that a poor boy like myself would be able to pick some brains out of what you're sayin."

"Come, come, sir, none of your humbug for me," replied Father James; "you know very well what I want you to tell me, whether or not you have given up your dealing with the devil?"

"How would I give up what I never had, I'd like to know, sir? An shure, moreover, 'twouldn't be for the likes of me to come between the clargy and their customers, and along wid that, 'tis little dalins myself wud like to have with that same ould boy, seein I couldn't bother him wid de Latin, and that's the only fwhuishper would frighten him."

"I see you are growing hardened in your iniquity," said the priest, who heard him to an end; "but I now warn you, if you don't explain everything to my satisfaction before next Sunday, I will curse you with bell, book, and candle, and close the gates of heaven against you for ever."

Sullivan took a minute or two to reflect, and then replied in a most submissive tone, "Shure, sir, 'twas lookin for your riverence I was, to give myself up to you, for I don't rest, or pace from the woman (his wife) night or day, only she to be tellin me I couldn't have look or grace if I'd be standin out agin the clargy. So I'll jest lave yourself into the whole sacret of the matther, and I'll go bail, when your riverence knows all, your riverence won't say but what a bishop may fwhuishper a four-year-ould filly of a Chrissmus mornin, and say his three masses afther. Now, to shew you the whole ins and outs of my maning (meaning), I'll jest spake one word to Paddherhen (the priest's mare)." He then applied his mouth to Paddhereen's ear, and whispered her with a vengeance, shewing that he could not alone cast out the evil genius, but that he had a whole legion of spirits at his command, for any prank. The magic sounds had no sooner reached Paddhereen's ear than a hundred donkey-power of stubbornness took possession of her, enlivened by a dash of peevishness which could be only equalled by an old maid's when just refused by her own footman. Sullivan moved off a few paces to enjoy the effects of his *ruse*, and torment poor Father James, who could neither coax or coerce Paddhereen to move one step, while she met every effort of his to alight either by a bite at his legs, or a sudden whirl, as if she moved on such a pivot as they turn the railway carriages on. At last his reverence had to sue for peace, and Con made his own terms before he took off the spell, stipulating for full permission to exercise "the little janus God gave him," in his own way, and when and where he pleased.

Soon after this, he whispered for a wager at Lord Doneraile's, but let me tell it verbatim, as his son told it to me.

"'Twas iv a Cahirmee fair-day; there was a dale of company at the great house, an what should my lord dhraw up to 'em—only Con Soolivan, the Fwhuishperer! 'That man,' siz the lord, 'is one of the seven wundhers of the world.' 'I often hear tell of him,' siz O'Grady, from Kiballyowen. 'So did I,' siz one O'Meagher, from county Tipperary, 'but I wouldn't give into any sich like ramaashee (nonsense), an I have a coult at home that I'll bet fifty guineas he wont as much as throw a leg over him in a week.' 'Done, for five hundhert!' siz the lord. 'Done, for the fifty, or a hundhert if you like,' siz O'Meagher; and wid that they fastened the bets, and down they claps a hundhert a piece, and the butler was sent out for my father, and in he walks him where they were dhrinkin their wine; and often I hear him tell, God rest his sowl, that every single glass upon the table was gould, or silver at the laste. But my father bein used to the ways of the place, he was no way cowed, but he rises his leg to make a gentle scrape, when as the divil wud have it, he scrapes the shkin off the butler's shins. 'Bad luck to your brogues!' siz the big fat Englishman, siz he in a fwhuishper like. 'You're betther not curse the wearer, an that's myself,' siz my father, quite sperrited, so that they all hear him. 'Hould hard, Con,' siz the lord, 'and hear to me; I sent out for you to tell you I'm afther howldin a wager out of you wid this gintleman here, that you'll back a four-year-ould coult of his in one day.' 'Plase your honor, my lord, wouldn't you make it one hour wid him?' siz he, 'for that baste was never foaled I would'nt make dance on a platther in less time.'

"Well, but to make a long story short, the day come round, and the coult was brought up, and three horse-ridhers, he got the upper hand of down the counthrey, come up along wid him. A dale of gintlemin, too, was there from all parts, an they shakin hands wid my fadther, when he was for goin into the barn where the coult was loose, for 'twas a part of the bargain he was to saddle and bridle him widout no help. Well, my dear, when he was walkin in all alone be himself, one of the jockeys axes him, thinkin he'd cow him, 'was he afther makin his sowl? for that coult is called the man-ather (man-eater),' siz he. 'If he never et but the likes of you of a monkey,' siz my father, lookin at him most scornful—for he was a crichauneen (a small potatoe) of a thing, wouldn't weigh six stone,—'they calls him out of his name,'—and in he goes widout as much as a bit of a twig in his hand. It wasn't very long till he sung out for 'em all to come in, and when the sthrangers seen himself and the wild baste, for they thought he was no betther, lyin down a-top of one another as grauverly (lovingly) as ever you seen a child and a fat pig sthretched together in one sop, you'd think 'twas the shky was fallin, or something else unnatural come to pass, they wor all in sich wundhermint. 'The sign of the cross betwinst us and all harum!' siz one Tipperary man; 'if you aint the ould boy himself, you're an enchanther of magic, so you are, and Con Soolivan I wash my hands out of you.' 'Well, if that don't bang card-cuttin and fortun-tellin, I'm a Dutchman!' siz another of 'em; 'shure Fune-macool (Fingal), nor the Seven Champions, never done the likes.' 'Give us none of your nonsense, your pair of ould donkeys,' siz the crichauneen, quite smart; 'did he throw a leg over him yet, I axes?' 'Is that all that's throublin you, avic (my son)?' siz my father; 'we'll soon ase your mind for you, but we'll shew a little more action here first.'

"Wid that he bids one of the gorsoons, used to be about the stables, to go fitch him his raazure, and the rest of the tacklin for shavin. Well, what does he do but tie the lookin glass to the coult's fore leg, and makes him hould it up, then spraddles across him, lathers away, and shaves himself as clane as e'er a barber in Cork would do it,—excusin himself, by coorse, to the quallity for makin so free before 'em. 'Mount him now,' siz the lord. 'Hullups, bramaheen (hip, little colt)!' siz my fadther, and while you'd be saying 'thrapstick,' the coult was on his legs. Now for it, Soolivan! cries my fadther, an he takes one leap out of his belly and goes on to the coult's back clane in the first hop. Then the coult, he shuck his head, and he riz one leg afther the other, shiverin in his shkin till the big dhrops was runnin down off him jest like a horse you'd be afther givin the first sweat to for a steeple-chase, an they all thought he was goin to lie down upon him, for that was a way he had. 'None of your thricks upon thravlers,' siz my fadther, an he gives him the heels, and screws his knees into him, till you'd think he'd crack his ribs, then walks him up and down the barn as quiet as an 'ould throoper. 'Crohooreen (little Cornelius),' siz he to the small boy that brought him the razure, 'go fetch me the little dhrum the young lord gave you the day of the wran-boys.' He then rode him out of the house, through the yard, up and down the lawn, foreanenst the great house, and the windies full of ladies; and to shew them some divarsion, he kept croostin Pathrick's Day on the dhrum for the bare life, beatin time wid his heels on the coult's ribs the whole time. Well, if he didn't open the eyes of the Tipperary men, there isn't a cottoner in Cork, that's all! But the dhrollest part of it all was, the lord wouldn't take the wagers, it bein no more nor less than a bubble bet, 'for no man who knew Con Soolivan,' siz he, 'would bet agin him.' Howsomever, O'Meagher done his best to make him take it, but 'twas no use, and then he put his hand in his pocket and he gave my fadther a five pound note, an all the rest of the gintlemin gave him more or less, and when he gother all his winners he had as good as twenty pound by the job."

The only other performance of Con's which I shall venture to give here, was on an artillery horse, pronounced unmanageable and unserviceable by men and officers. There was at the time a small park stationed at Mallow, and amongst a lot of horses for draught, was one that the drivers could neither lead or drive. He was put in single, and double harness, as leader, and to the wheel, alternately coaxed, beaten, or dragged along, but all to no purpose;—not an ounce would he draw, and he was fit for nothing else. At last he was sold by auction for a few shillings, the Whisperer being the purchaser. No sooner was the precious lot knocked down to him, than he asked a carman who was passing by to lend him cart and harness. He put him to at once, then led and drove him up and down the steep hill, near the old market gate, to the utter amazement of the artillerymen, who were not long enough quartered there to have heard of him. As usual, he did not strike him, and no one heard him say a word, but of course he gave him the whisper. He sold the horse in five minutes after for as many pounds as he gave shillings, and he was well known for many years on the road between Mallow and Cork for as kind a brute as ever was yoked in tug or draught. Con was gathered to his fathers while his sons were too young to learn his secret, so he entrusted it to a neighboring priest (his own P. P. never forgot, and only partly forgave, the trick he played him), to be confided to his eldest son, and by him handed down to posterity as an heir-loom to the Soolivan family, to be strictly entailed on the eldest sons, or other eldest heirs-at-law of the Whisperer. The eldest son practises sometimes, but he will never fill his father's boots; and the whipper-in groans in the spirit, thinking, if he does not say, "the glory hath departed from my father's house!" I am sure he secretly curses the laws of primogeniture as heartily as any cadet in the guards, or your obedient servant,

Ranger.

Bailyhooly. London (New) Sporting Magazine for July.

* A hair rope used for coupling up a cow's legs when she is being milked.

† Station—a meeting held at a private house for hearing confessions, when mass is always said, and water blessed.

SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

COURSING IN THE DECCAN.

In the stillness of the yet unborn day, the distant morning-gun of the cantonment faintly awakened the echoes of the old Ruins of Surroo-Nuggur; but although its sound glided like a spirit through its darksome and gloomy recesses, scarce startling the prowling jackall or hyæna in their nocturnal course, it passed not unheard by the present inmates of those Ruins, who only awaited its welcome sound to take the field again with renewed vigor.

All were immediately on the *qui vive*—the hasty toilette was soon performed, horses saddled, dog-boys roused up, and the morning cup of coffee swallowed, the whole with such good will and alacrity that the "*Warming-Pan*" had scarcely had time to peep over the Eastern hills ere we were mounted and admiring its jolly red countenance, whose smiles we all prognosticated would not fail on that day to warm the tender susceptibilities of old mother Earth, and her "flame" was very likely to be increased by the scorching breath of the land-winds now setting in. Æolus, before he could produce such whiffs, must surely have supped on devilled grill, or on his Infernal Majesty himself, who being thus cast adrift in these regions, accounts for there being so much more of the Devil's own fun in these "*here Heastern Hindies*" than in any other part of the globe.

However, here we all were, ready for a start, and as we had committed enough havoc the preceding day amongst the horned tribe, we determined to vary our sport and try the paces of the foxes with which this part of the country abounds. We accordingly discarded the rifle and spear, and mounted on our No. 1 nags, put our faith in a couple of very handsome Arab greyhounds, who understood their work right well.

By No. 1 nags, the reader may perhaps imagine we had tip-top ones; but nothing of the kind. We rode too often and too fast to be able to carry much ballast in rupees, and therefore the highest priced horse in our stud was not more than a 500 rupee touch. This was a powerful but slow Persian horse, ridden by L——, and yclept *Surry*. C—— had a tolerable coast Arab: and a small Mahratta called *Lamplighter* was my *baad-ghier*—a name frequently given by the Persians to a horse, and meaning "catcher of the wind"—thereby implying great speed.

Poor Lamplighter! never do I recal thy memory without lamenting thy wretched fate! After so many gallant runs, in which hog, jackall, and fox have all succumbed to thy speed and bottom, which has even astonished one fleeter than them all, the gaunt-wolf, whom thou hast before now forced to drop his lobbing pace, and put his best foot foremost. After thus carrying me over flood and field, rock and nullah, to be purloined from thy stall by some vile Nigger for the purpose of carrying, maybe, the bloated carcase of an old Mussulman, his wife or other baggage!

But it is too true—such was the finale of Lamplighter! and as his beauty was his least recommendation, it is but too probable that his new master, ignorant of his worth, is subjecting him to all the drudgery of the pack-saddle. Lamplighter had certainly an unprepossessing appearance, to say the least of it. His color alone would have been sufficient to d—n him in India, where four-legged *duns* are as much disliked as those of the biped species. In the first place, the dun is branded as a plebeian, the aristocratic Arab never wearing this livery, and, as a plebian, often of the sulkiest and most perverse disposition. Then his shape! if ever a hybrid between a cow and a mule were animated with the noble spirit of the horse, that hybrid was Lamplighter; he was goose-rumped and cat-hammed, carrying his tail, which nearly reached the ground, well between his legs; and then his head! ye gods! what a soap-box was spoiled! but to a judge, in the forehand were several redeeming qualities: the shoulder well thrown back, the shortness between the knee and fetlock, which, though scarred with thorns and rocks, was well placed on a sound foot, shewed that there was more in the *laste* than appeared at first sight.—Such was our cavalry; and now for a peep at the *kootahs* (dogs).

These were a couple of very handsome fawn-colored Arab dogs, as large as English grey-hounds; perhaps not shewing quite so much breeding, but of great strength and power. In addition to these, we had a nondescript black devil, something like a lurcher in shape, and, though not fast enough for a fox, possessing the quality so unusual in a greyhound, that of scent. *Black Bess* by this was often of much use, whenever a jutting rock or thicket, in the heat of the chase, hid the enemy from our view.

As the greyhound is the only dog which can be reared with success in this part of India, considerable pains are taken with them, and they often fetch high prices. They are of two kinds, one the smooth short-haired dog, called the Arab greyhound, and often scarcely to be distinguished in shape and appearance from the English dog of the same description. They are usually brought from Arabia by horse-dealers, who visit at certain seasons this part of the country. Their price varies from 50 to 200 rupees, but it is customary to buy them in couples. The other kind is covered with long shaggy hair, particularly about the feet, which is a great protection to them in a rocky soil. They bear some resemblance to the rough-coated Scotch deer-hound, but considerably smaller. This description comes from Persia; and although the Arab dog is perhaps the fleeter of the two, in rough stony ground he is frequently much lacerated about the lower part of the legs which after a hard run I have often seen perfectly raw.

I believe the only sporting dog indigenous to India is the polygar, which comes from the Southern provinces, where, being of great strength and ferocity, he is employed by the mountaineers of the Coimbatoor districts in hunting the bear and wild hog. They attach so much value to a particular breed of these dogs, that it is only with the greatest difficulty they can be induced to part with them.

The polygar has anything but a handsome appearance; he is built in a much coarser mould than the greyhound, and is entirely denuded of hair; from this circumstance, in cold weather he looks miserable in the extreme, but is at all times fierce, and often unmanageable, except by his keeper.

This part of the country (the Deccan), and in fact India generally, does not agree with European dogs; like their masters, their livers often get affected, they grow sickly, linger for some time, and die. I am not at liberty to mention whether these symptoms are accelerated by indulging in their English habits, or from being as much addicted as their lords to *brandy-pance* (brandy and water). Be this as it may, there is certainly a great resemblance in the diseases, and also in the remedies, sometimes successfully adopted—the former, liver and dysentery; the latter, calomel, calomel, and calomel, to the end of the teeth and chapter; and I have no doubt but that a *run* at Cheltenham would prove highly beneficial to any *lucky dog* fortunate enough to revisit his native land after a protracted residence in India.

The rough-haired terrier is the hardiest importation; he suffers least from heat, and may occasionally be made useful in jungle-shooting.

The spaniel sometimes takes kindly to the climate, and, if well trained, will afford good amusement in quail-shooting.

The pointer is the most *bilicus* of the set, and more frequently on the doctor's list than out of it.

In some parts of Bengal they have fox-hounds, but I understand it is necessary to renew the pack from England every two or three years.

In the treatment of English dogs in India, the two *vital* principles to be observed are, never to expose them unnecessarily to the sun, and strongly inculcate abstemiousness in diet. Seven days in the week should be *banyans*—in fact, the dogs should become Brahmins, forswear animal food, and live on boiled rice softened with a little broth to give it a *relish*. The same regimen might be followed with regard to the Persian and Arab dogs, with the addition perhaps of occasionally a little boiled mutton mixed with the rice.

All this may appear a hoax to a John Bull griffin, as much as that of its being requisite to have one person to take care of every brace of greyhounds, to feed them, rub them down, walk them out in their clothing, with as much ceremony as is used towards a racer in training.—But stop a bit, my lad—I mean you with the phiz like a full-blown peony or a bunch of raw meat; none of your "half grins and purser's laughs!" wait till a few land-winds have taken some of the blushes out of your baby-face; wait till you have made away with as much calomel and claret as your humble servant, and you may then perhaps laugh on the wrong side of your mouth, and believe what I am telling you.

I think I have now enumerated every species of sporting dog in India; but imagine not, gentle reader, that the canine species here is confined to these; would to heaven it were! and that the wretch called the "*pariah*" dog had never seen the light of day, or propagated its species.

Every bazar swarms with these curs; every heap of ashes is occupied by its slumbering Cerberus; and these disgusting animals act the part of scavengers-general to the Natives, for which service they perhaps meet with so much service and protection. It is only astonishing that more cases of hydrophobia do not occur. However, in the very hot weather, to guard against accidents, war is generally declared against these vermin; orders are issued for the destruction of all stragglers, and a reward of one *anna*, or the sixteenth part of a rupee, is given for every *tail*.

I was one day much amused at the manner in which a soldier got possession of a *tail*. The man, who was at the time on duty, was seated on the steps of the varandah of the guard-house, discussing some bread and cheese, at which a large pariah was looking in a very wistful manner, but still keeping at a respectful distance. The soldier was using the kindest expressions of endearment to induce the half-famished creature to approach and share his frugal meal—whereupon I immediately put him down as a philanthropist; one so overflowing with the milk of human kindness as to have a drop even for a poor *parry*. After a great deal of coquetting, the *baste* approached, and was about, not in the politest manner, to make a grab at the tempting morsel; but the tempter was evidently an old soldier, and too much for him; whilst the right hand was extended with every token of friendship, the left was gracefully resting on the left hip: nothing like attitude! thinks I to myself. The dog made a dash at the cheese, but there is much between the cup and the lip: the soldier's bayonet was out like lightning and buried to the hilt in the chest of his confiding friend. The ruffian then, with the greatest *nonchalance*, finished his meal, took out his pocket-handkerchief, carefully wiped the deadly weapon, and with the identical knife he had just been using, "*docked*" his still quivering victim in a masterly style, and, the *wagging* tail in one hand, and a *waggish* salutation with the other, asked the officer of the guard for permission to go and claim his *anna*. All this was done without moving a muscle of his countenance, on which was depicted the self-satisfied look of having accomplished a meritorious action.—So much for my philanthropist!

This recals to my mind a ludicrous circumstance, which, however, was likely to have had a fatal termination, in which case, oh! Phyllis, thou wouldst have had much to have answered for. Phyllis, thou must know, beloved reader, was a little female dog, commonly called a. . . . . I really forget the name; *mais n'importe*—her charms, however, nightly attracted to the house legions of gallant pariahs from the neighboring bazar in such numbers that they nightly disturbed my slumbers. One night in particular—and I well remember it, close and sultry, and swarms of musquitoes were buzzing about—on this said night the *parrys* were more assiduous than ever in their attention, disturbed me more than usual, and I was less than usual in a mood to endure their intrusion. Every time I got into a doze I was awakened by a snarl, or the more obvious signals of a pitched battle. I lay for a long time in hopes that they would at last take up their slippers and depart in peace, but I awaited in vain, till at last tottering Patience fell from her throne; vengeful Ire took her seat; I arose in wrath, grasped my sword, and vowed death and vengeance against all the canine tribe. The night was overcast, dark and sultry; not a breath of air was stirring, and the young moon, masked by a mantle of lowering clouds, shed but a dim uncertain light. I crept stealthily out of my room, crossed the hall, and peered into the varandah, on the floor of which I saw something white: I glided gently along the wall, and approached the object; it was one of my deadly foes, the disturber of my rest, and a pariah of the largest description! Blind with rage and vengeance, I took one more step towards my victim, and made a deadly thrust at him with the sword: to my horror, the supposed dog rose up, uttered a human groan, and fell at full length on the floor. It was my faithful *chokrah* (servant-boy) whom I had stabbed!

"Where are you hit!" cried I, running up almost breathless to the poor fellow, who lay quivering on the floor like a galvanised frog—"Ah! Sahib in my. . . . ." he could say no more, but applied his hand to his nether parts. By this time the other servants had made their appearance: I lost no time in further enquiries, but running to the stable, got on a horse (*en chemise*), and galloped off for the doctor, whom I roused up, and soon brought to the scene of murder. By the time we arrived, Kishnah was sitting up; he had bled profusely, which had lessened the pain, and the doctor pronounced the wound, which was in the fleshy part of the thigh, not to be dangerous, although deep and within a hair's breadth of the vital parts. The night, as before mentioned, was dark and sultry; he had, as servants in India generally do, taken up his abode in the varandah, with no other clothing than his *cummerbund*, or cloth that goes round the loins; the rest of his body, being of the color of darkness, was invisible, and to this may be attributed his escape. Three weeks saw him again on his legs; and the next time I was more cautious in waging war with the admirers of Phyllis.

Whilst on the subject of dogs, I cannot forbear mentioning a pack which we attempted to set on foot, and which, from the variety of curs of which it was composed, went by the name of the *Baubery** Hunt. Our ambition did not extend beyond bagged foxes and jackals: however, on one occasion, after circulars had been issued to all the Members of the Baubery, stating the time and place of the meet, no fox was to be had for love or money: we were completely *nonplussed*. At last a brilliant idea struck me: I sent my servant to the bazar, with directions to catch a dog that bore the greatest resemblance to a jackal; he returned with an animal certainly in shape not unlike what we wanted, but not at all tallying in color, our captive being perfectly white: it was, however, too late to replace him; our only plan was to *disguise* him as best we might. There happened to be some red paint at hand; we set immediately about his toilet, and no lady ever applied rouge with more effect: in five minutes he looked so beautiful that his mother would not have known him. But it was not in the power of paint to change the shape of his tail; therefore, having supplied ourselves with the brush of a defunct jackal, we cunningly fitted this to his spanker-boom with sundry pieces of whipcord; and putting the finishing touch to his dress by anointing him with oil of aniseed, he was carefully deposited in a sack, placed on the shoulders of a horse-keeper, and conveyed to a bit of jungle about a quarter of a mile from the meet, and four or five from the cantonment.

We mustered on that day a strong field; it was moreover cloudy, and promised good scent. Ten minutes' law was allowed to the "painter;" the dogs were then put on his track, and went off full cry. Every one swore it was likely to be the best run we had yet had. J—, an old Yorkshire breakneck, was in ecstasy. "D—n it, you know," cried he as we viewed the brute, "there he goes, a fine fellow he is, and what a pace he keeps up! but hold hard, gentlemen; for God's sake don't ride over the dogs." J— was the oracle of the Hunt, and the *parry* was put down as a jackal of the first water. At first his long legs had the best of our little mongrel terriers, but their bottom soon began to tell. We were now running in view; and as we gained on him, several of the knowing ones began to be sadly puzzled; for although the paint was good paint, and had moreover been laid on thick, it was not entirely proof against bushes and water, and a piece of swampy ground we had just crossed had done a great deal towards softening the tints. "He must be a devilish old one," said J—, with a hard pull on his snaffle; "see! he's quite grey!"—"Then, by J—," cried B—, "it must be through funk, for I'll swear he was not that color before we crossed the hollow!" However, to make short of a long story, the poor *parry* died the death amidst shouts of merriment from all who witnessed his *rouge* and false feathers.—I said *all* who saw the fun, but no; there was *one*, our oracle, who did not enjoy the joke: he said it was a boyish trick, withdrew his patronage, and never more risked his reputation by joining the "Baubery Hunt."

But behold! I headed my chapter with "Coursing," and find myself flying off at a tangent in a "dog-hunt." I shall therefore "hark aback," and try to bring up my lee way, by saying, that on the morning in question we started in capital riding trim, our nags fresh and in good condition, and the dogs scarcely to be held in the slips. We made for the eastward, skirting the rising ground about Munsherabad, the minarets of whose Mosque we soon lost sight of as we reached the rugged ground at the foot of the hills, where we had a fair chance of falling in with a brush, cutting off reynard's retreat from his rocky fortress, and oblige him to take the comparatively level ground below; though even here it was in many places break-neck work enough—

"Where oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumber'd land
Its wrecks of gravel, rocks, and sand."

The *nullahs*, or dry watercourses, worn deep in the hard soil from the flow of the waters during the rainy season, would in themselves have proved puzzlers to a young horse or inexperienced rider, to say nothing of the rocks, occasionally rugged and jagged, and then extending in large flat horizontal strata in the intervening spaces.

I am convinced that many a Leicestershire man and horse who never *craned* at ox-fence or bull-finch would pause ere he rode at full speed over these "dry and stony places:" and here no other pace will suit, as to keep dog and fox in view, both of which are absolutely necessary, you must not spare your own neck or your horse's pins.

We were creeping quietly along one of these nullahs, when suddenly the joyful sound of "Kolah, Sahib! Kolah!" (a fox, Sir; a fox) burst from the lips of Moutrow, the little dog-boy. He was, however, too well trained to slip without orders, and had besides made a slight mistake: it proved to be not a fox, but a fine jackal.

There was a moment's pause as to whether we should risk the safety of our fine greyhounds with such a sturdy antagonist, jackals having the ungentlemanlike practice of occasionally snapping a dog's legs whenever they can lay hold of it. But prudence gave way: we cried "havoc! and let slip the dogs," and then followed as best we might. The jackal in the meantime had made the most of our consultation, and we had to ride like "bricks" to regain what we had lost. The Arabs were well laid in, and the lurcher close at their heels: our object was of course to cut him off from the hills, the nearer we approached to which the worse became the ground. After about half a mile riding at the best pace, our wily antagonist luffed up suddenly, and made a desperate effort for the hills. We were now obliged to go it in earnest, and the ground was rugged and broken in the extreme, but our nags were old stagers, and scrambled over it at a clipping pace. The Lamplighter was famed for his cleverness in crossing this sort of country; he took the lead, and kept it. But accidents will happen to the best of horses: whilst at the top of his speed, in crossing one of these confounded watercourses, he leaped rather short, and we were the next instant rolling in its bed. But no mischief was done; the Lamplighter in a jiffy was on his legs, and I on his back, *gently* persuading him to make up his lost ground. We were now getting very near the hills, rapidly gaining on our foe, and straining every nerve. On crossing one of the flat masses of rock already mentioned, C—'s horse's legs flew from under him, and he fell on his side with tremendous violence: as I shot past him, I had only time to cry out, "Are you much hurt?"—"All right," was the answer, and C— was left to his fate, thereby strongly exemplifying the fact that equal sympathy is shewn in a hunting-field in India and England.

We were all pretty well winded; but *Jack* was completely blown, and, although within a stone's throw of his strongholds, was fain to turn to bay, which he did in gallant style, and fought like a hero. The greyhounds, which were up first, rolled him over several times, and Black Bess arriving must needs have her fingers in the pie, but paid dearly for her officiousness, and got terribly mauled: however the odds were too great, and Jack at last remained apparently a lifeless corpse—game to the last.

The dogs were now secured, and we were examining the injuries they and our nags had received during the chase, when C— came up leading his horse—himself rather *shuck*, and the grey a good deal cut, but no bones broken. Whilst thus dismounted, and engaged in discussing the merits of the run, one of the horsekeepers, who had by this time come up, suddenly cried out, "Gheah, Sahib; gheah!" (he is gone, Sir; he is gone), pointing to the jackal, who, probably taking little interest in our conversation, had effected a case of resurrection, and was very quietly taking himself off. The villain had too much the start of us and was too near the rocks to render further pursuit of any use: philosophy and resignation were therefore the order of the day; and as it was still young (*i. e.* the day), after sending back to head-quarters the wounded, L— and myself followed up our sport.

We were not long before we found, and this time it was a *raal* fox and no mistake. He took us over ground very similar to that already described, and, after a sharp run of a couple of miles, was *picked up* in masterly style, and his brush added to our former trophies of horns, hides, &c.

The sun was now high—our dogs and horses had had enough for one morning's work—we were moreover quite ready for breakfast; therefore, turning northward, we jogged on towards the Ruins, and did justice on our arrival to a substantial and well-earned repast.

E. N.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July.

* *Baubery* means noise or disturbance of any kind.

MACREADY'S IMPROVEMENTS UPON SHAKSPEARE.

Let Shakspeare's master—scenes like trophies borne—
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn;
And you, my critics, in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light *through holes yourselves have made.*

THE DUNCIAD.

Highly as the *Foster*-father of Mr. Macready's puffs in the Chronicle, and its weekly counterpart, the Examiner, has beslobbered the great tragedian's representations of Shakspeare, he has not done full justice to his idol by announcing the still nobler triumphs he has in contemplation.

Mr. Macready, by a careful perusal of the great dramatist's productions, and an elaborate collation of the various editions in which they have appeared, has succeeded at last in restoring the bard of Avon to his pristine integrity, both in text and spirit. Morality also has been the object of his care, and his exertions have nobly resulted in purifying some passages that have hitherto been considered objectionable on the grounds of profanity and indelicacy. This it is, oh public, to have a middle-aged manager that feels and "honors" Shakspeare—not that his "honors," by the way, do not strike us sometimes rather in the light of "odd tricks" upon the spirit of the original, but let that pass—Shakspeare *is* honored by the theatrical Marcellus, and "his days will be long in the land," too, if Mac lives and has his *crave* to the end of its tether. "It is a wondrous ghost that lets us tell you," and here be proofs.

Othello and Desdemona, henceforward, are to appear with only one eye! A deep and profound meditation, Mac says, has convinced him—so help him God!—that neither the Moor, nor "the gentle lady married to the Moor," could have had the usual allowance extended to other people—Shakspeare evidently intending to prove that his genius could raise a sympathy even towards persons in whose personal repulsiveness interest and admiration might be supposed to be an impossibility. Every allusion to the black warrior, Mac says, especially from Iago, who may be supposed to feel more spite towards him than any of the other characters, bears pointedly, almost indelicately, upon this great disfigurement. "Wear your eye thus," cries the ancient in one scene.

"Look to her, Moor, have a quick eye to see,"

advises Brabantio in another. The defect Mr. Mac, moreover, conceives to have been hereditary, Othello expressly limiting his father's visual organs to the singular number, when he tells Desdemona that the Spitalfields handkerchief which "an Egyptian to his mother gave" was accompanied by a threat that

"If she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, his father's *eye*
Should hold her lothly."

Hence, he conceives, the congenial deformity in Desdemona excited in him an increased ardor and affection upon the principle, *simile simili gaudet*. "Make it a darling like your precious eye," he says to her, alluding to the handkerchief—the characteristic "precious" evidently reminding her that it received an additional value from the fact of its being her only one. Iago also restricts his eulogiums to her solitary peeper,—"What an eye she has,"—"An inviting eye,"—mark, only *an* eye—"And yet methinks right modest," chastely responds Cassio; and to give the crowning stroke to the deformity, Emilia, when she upbraids the "General" Evans of Cyprus, cut in ebony, for the barbarous assassination of her indulgent mistress, distinctly apostrophises her as "the sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up *eye*." In connection with this subject, friend Mac wishes to draw the attention of the curious to a singular and almost incredible custom observed by the Cyprus people on occasions of triumph and rejoicing, in actually casting their eyes out of their heads to testify the intensity of their felicity. He has heard, he says, of the fine gentlemen of the time of Charles II. tearing their perukes from their craniums to fling them into the fire in honor of some "toast" of the day, "when flushed with youth, with folly, and with wine," but the sacrifice implied by Montano's proposition, in celebration of Othello's return from the Ottoman conquest, when he cries to "first, second, and third gentleman,"—

"Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to *throw out our eyes* for brave Othello,"

surpasses the most fanatic, mad-brained ebullition ever dreamt of by human extravagance. "Throw out their eyes!" cried the theatrical Augustus, in a paroxysm of middle-aged enthusiasm, "gracious heavens, what demented profligacy and profusion; where could they possibly get new ones? I love and honor Shakspeare as outrageously as any man, but I must not, I cannot, I will not desecrate my boards by the impersonation of such barbarities as these—therefore, take your paste-brush, Foster, and stick a rider over the passage; its worse than 'gouging' in Kentucky, I vow and purtest!" Foster re-perused the passage carefully for two minutes in order to get it by heart, and then, like the recording angel in Sterne, "dubbed his paste-brush upon it, and blotted it out for ever." *Sit illi terra levis.*

The slightest tinge or inkling of indelicacy, as we have said before, in the great master's productions has been instantly discountenanced by Mr. Macready. "Wa' to the scissars" has been the cry, and out has gone the paw-paw passage in a jiffey, or else it has been carefully moulded into harmlessness by a reading of the text; thus in the final scene of Othello for instance, the Moor cries to the people guarding the door of the chamber in which he has destroyed Desdemona—

"Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee."

To represent this passage in its literal integrity, Mr. M. justly observes, *maugre* the absurdity and impropriety of *Othello's* inviting the *dramatis personæ* to "look in upon him," in the very same breath with which he announces himself to be in a state that would render compliance to a delicate mind an act of horror and disgust, would be to degrade the drama instead of raising it; he has therefore moved an amendment, which was ably seconded by "boots" Foster, that *Othello* shall appear in his morning attire only, as if he had just begun to dress himself on rising from bed, and the passage will then stand—

"Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,
Or in my shirt and drawers I will assault thee!"

This is, indeed, a noble redemption of the text from its former grossness, a vindication of the designs of Mr. Macready from any further suspicion of egotism or pedantic foolery. Long may he be spared to "elevate and surprise," like a second *Bays*, the eyes and hearts of his adoring countrymen, "together with their amiable, lovely, and illustrious ladies," as the late lamented Simpson would have said, and equally long may these countrymen, with "their amiable," &c. ladies be spared to render Easter Monday and "boxing night" as profitable to his treasury as the *Foster*-ing and Talfourdite pufferies are likely to prove the reverse. "The puffs that slobber us sometimes are our trouble."

In the "artistical" minutiæ of the scene, and "a nice derangement," as *Mrs. Malaprop* would say, of the properties; our histrionic benefactor has not been less discriminating. Several new features—minute, though important, are now to be introduced. The oversight that had hitherto been committed in the mere passive invocation by *Lady Macbeth*, of the spirituous inspiration that is to nerve her for the fatal "progging" at Duncan, will no longer be allowed to expose us to the criticism and raillery of foreign nations. An antique sideboard will be introduced upon the stage, supporting an equally antique liquor stand, containing the cardinal cordials, with thistle glasses to match; so that when her ladyship ejaculates,

"Come, come, you *spirits*,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here," &c.

the desired supply may not be wanting. From the wish extending to an absolute "unsexing" of herself, her ladyship's potations may be represented as pretty deep, though of course not so inordinately copious as to o'erstep the modesty of nature by arriving at absolute intoxication. Indeed, she herself expressly specifies the limits of her debauch in the very next scene, by contrasting its effects upon herself with those produced by the same indulgence on the part of her bemuddled domestics:—

"That which hath quenched them hath given me fire."

A half-pint tumbler may, therefore, reasonably be supposed as affording a correct criterion of her ladyship's libations—whiskey, of course, from the national prepossession, receiving the honor of her patriotic selection. Bright days are indeed opening for the interests and glories of the drama, under an ardor and intelligence such as this. The very call-boy will be chastened and elevated by its influence—perhaps even the candle-snuffer! Who knows!

"Why, that we cannot tell, says we,
But 'tis a possibility."

Hamlet is the next subject upon which our hero has tried his hand, and a whole paddock of laurels must be the reward of his exertions. The introduction of the ghost as a mere ordinary man in armour, with no other contrast to the rest of the performers but such as the pallid and sickly hue imparted to his features by the discipline of the flour-dredger is calculated to produce, is, in the Macreadian judgment, an outrageous departure from the spirit of surgery and versimilitude. Whenever ghosts have been introduced, either in sacred or profane instances their appearance at the time of death has been that in which they have chosen to present themselves before mortal organs. How, then, asks Mac, can *Hamlet's* father be truly represented as an unscurvy-faced, common skinned man, when he expressly tells his son the consequence of his brother's pouring the cursed hebenon into his ear was—

"That a most instant tetter bark'd about
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All his smooth body."

"Shakspeare shall be vindicated nobly; I'll have the 'tetter' back again, by G—, and Foster shall consult Cullum on Cutaneous 'Diseases,' that we may have it to the life—aye, and I'll get up the 'vile and loathsome crust,' too, in splendid style; for Elton shall go to the Small Pox Hospital, and be 'crusted' to pattern.

"'No boasting like a fool,
All this I'll do before my purpose cool.'

Evoe! evoe! lama sabacthani!" This is, indeed, "honoring" and "reviving" Shakspeare with a vengeance!

Satirist.

TOM HOOD'S APOLOGY
FOR NOT MAKING AN ATTEMPT ON HIS OWN LIFE.

The late inimitable Charles Mathews, in one of his amusing entertainments, used to tell a story of a certain innkeeper, who made it a rule of his house, to allow a candle to a guest, only on condition of his ordering a pint of wine. Whereupon the guest contends, on the reciprocity system, for a light for every half-bottle, and finally drinks himself into a general illumination.

Something of the above principle seems to have obtained in the case of a Portrait and Memoir, which in literary practice have been usually dependent on each other,—and accordingly, no sooner was my effigy about to be presented to the Public, than I found myself called upon by my Publisher, with a finished proof of the engraving in one hand, and a request for an account of myself in the other. He evidently supposed, as a matter of course, that I had my autobiography in the bottle, and the time was come to un-cork and pour it out *with a Head*.

To be candid, no portrait ever stood more in need of such an accompaniment. The figure opposite has certainly the look of one of those practical jokes whereof the original is oftener suspected than really culpable.—For who, that calls himself a stranger, could ever suppose that such a pale, pensive, peaking, sentimental, sonneteering countenance—with a wry mouth as if it always laughed on the wrong side—belonged bona fide to the Editor of the Comic—a Professor, of the Pantagruelian Philosophy, hinted at in the preface to the present work?—In like manner my literary contemporaries who have cared to remark on my personals, have agreed in ascribing to me a melancholy bias; thus an authority in the New Monthly Magazine has described me as "a grave anti-pun-like-looking person," whilst another—in the Book of Gems—declares that "my countenance is more grave than merry," and insists, therefore, that I am of a pensive habit, and "have never laughed heartily in company or in rhyme." Against such an inference, however, I solemnly protest, and if it be the fault of my features, I do not mind telling my face to its face that it insinuates a false-Hood, and grossly misrepresents a person notorious amongst friends for laughing at strange times and odd places, and in particular when he has the worst of the rubber. For it is no comfort for the loss of points, by his theory, to be upon thorns. And truly what can be more unphilosophical, than to sit ruefully as well as whistfully, with your face inconsistently playing at longs and your hands at shorts,—getting hypped as well as pipped—"talking of Hoyle," as the city lady said, "but looking like winegar," and betraying as keen a sense of the profit and loss, as if the *pack* had turned you into a *pedlar*.—The portrait, then, is genuine—"an ill-favored thing, Sir," as Touchstone says, "but mine own."

To confess the truth, my vanity pricked up its ears a little at the proposition of my publisher. There is something vastly flattering in the idea of appropriating the half or quarter of a century, mixing it up with your personal experience, and then serving it out as your own Life and Times. On casting a retrospective glance however across Memory's waste, it appeared so literally a waste, that vanity herself shrunk from the enclosure act, as an unprofitable speculation. Had I foreseen indeed, some five-and-thirty years ago, that such a demand would be made upon me, I might have laid myself out on purpose, as Dr. Watts recommends, so as "to give of every day some good account at last." * * * But, alas! in the absence of such a Scottish second-sight, my whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those "bald biographies" that content the old-gentlemanly pages of Salvanus Urban. Lamb, on being applied to for a Memoir of himself, made answer that it would go into an epigram; and I really believe that I could compress my own into that baker's dozen of lines called a sonnet. Montgomery, indeed, has forestalled the greater part of it, in his striking poem on the "Common Lot," but in prose, nobody could make any thing of it, except Mr. George Robins. * * * Thus my birth was neither so humble that, like John Jones, I have been obliged amongst my lays to lay the cloth, and court the cook and the muses at the same time; nor yet so lofty, that with a certain lady of title, I could not write without letting myself down. Then, for education, though on the one hand I have not taken my degrees, with Blucher; yet on the other, I have not been rusticated, at the Open Air School, like the Poet of Helpstone. As for incidents of importance, I remember none, except being drawn for a soldier, which was a hoax, and having the opportunity of giving a casting vote on a great parochial question, only I didn't attend. I have never been even third in a duel, or crossed in Love. The stream of time has flowed on with me very like that of the New River, which every body knows has so little romance about it, that its Head has never troubled us with a Tale. My own story, then, to possess any interest, must be a fib. Truly given, with its egotism and its barrenness, it would look too like the chalked advertisements on a dead wall. Moreover, Pope has read a lesson to self-importance in the Memoirs of P.P., the Parish Clerk, who was only notable after all amongst his neighbors as a swallower of loaches. * * *

To conclude, my life,—"upon my life,"—is not worth giving, or taking. The principle just suffices for me to live upon; and, of course, would afford very little interest to any one else. Besides, I have a bad memory; and a personal history would assuredly be but a middling one, of which I have forgotten the beginning and cannot foresee the end. I must, therefore, respectfully decline giving my life to the world—at least till I have done with it—but to soften the refusal, I am willing, instead of a written character of myself, to set down all that I can recall of other authors, and, accordingly, the next number will contain the first instalment of

MY LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

"Hood's Own."

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 8, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

An amateur in every thing pertaining to horse flesh writes us from Lexington, Ky., that the finest colt he has seen this year is *Harry I.*, an own brother to *Fanny Wright* (by Bertrand, out of Marcella by Alfred). He is at Mr. PINDELL's stock farm near Lexington. Mr. P. has refused *Two Thousand Dollars* for him,—a bona fide offer, writes our correspondent, and not of the kind too often published.

Match in Kentucky.—A match for two-year-olds is to come off over the Association Course, at Lexington, during the ensuing October meeting, for $1500 a-side, $500 forfeit, and $500 a-side, bye, P. P., Mile heats, between LUDWELL BERKLEY's br. f. by Argyle, dam by Bertrand, and the choice of four in the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY; the latter, we believe, are all by Archie of Transport, the sire of *Rodolph.*

"*What's in a Name?*"—A respected breeder in Kentucky writes us to give him a name for a fine strapping colt. In consideration of his having sent us the *names* of six new subscribers, we send him the half dozen subjoined, which, we believe, have not been appropriated:—

SUNBEAM,	RODERICK,	VICTOR,
GRANDEE,	MIDDLETON,	ACHILLES.

We are not aware of the color of our correspondent's colt, or his taste in the matter of proper names. If he is fond of literary associations perchance the name of *Zamor* might suit him—he will find honorable mention made in "Ivanhoe" of the Templar's splendid charger of this name. In "Peveril of the Peak," the name of *Black Hastings* is immortalized, and POWER, in "St. Patrick's Eve," speaks with great regard of *Grey Munster*, and Richard III. bade his attendants, on the eve of his last battle, to "saddle *White Surrey* for the field." Perhaps one of these names may be appropriate. Our correspondent dates from Covington, not a bad name itself for his colt, but we prefer those which clearly designate the sex. We beg to suggest Capt. STOCKTON's plan of naming horses, after the Counties of the State in which they are bred, as peculiarly appropriate; thus he has brought on the turf a Monmouth, a Middlesex, a Bergen, a Somerset, etc. Many of the English breeders are giving their young things names having some affinity with those borne by their dams; thus the produce of Mustard have been successively named Mango, Pickle, Preserve, etc. Others have adopted an alliterative style—a rather pretty one too, by-the-bye—after Mr. JAMES JACKSON's plan. He has thus named the produce of his imported mare *Refugee*—Exile, Exotic, Extant, Extio, Emu, etc. If none of those names we have suggested should suit, we will send our correspondent another lot.

A Boat Race next Monday will take place from the Artists' Retreat (late Weehawken House,) for two *Gold Calls* and a *Silver Cup*, for regular Boat Clubs and actual members. No picked crew allowed.

First Race—At 2 P. M., a Gold Call, for six-oared boats.

Second Race—At half-past 3, a Gold Call, for four-oared boats.

Third Race—At 5, a Silver Cup, for all boats not exceeding 22 feet in length, with either two pair of sculls or two oars.

Boats intending to run, must enter previous to the day of the race. Stages will leave the Ferry at Hoboken for the above place, where visitors will find every accommodation.

N. B. The Race advertised for Wednesday, Aug. 29, is postponed to the above date.

Commodore ELLIOTT, of the frigate *Constitution*, lately arrived at Norfolk, imported from Malta in "Old Ironsides," twenty-two Horses and Jacks, which were discharged from her at Hampton.

Col. ADAM L. BINGAMAN, "the Napoleon" of the Southern Turf, and President of the Senate of Mississippi, has been nominated for the Senate of the United States, in opposition to Judge TROTTER, the present incumbent. The Colonel can beat any *trotter* in creation, and give him a distance every mile. The Judge is "a pretty hard colt" but the Colonel has foot and bottom enough to "lick him up like salt" while the other is "buttoning up" to start.

Another New Race Course, said to be a very superior one, has been established near Franklin, Missouri, upon which will be held this Fall the first semi-annual meeting of "the Franklin and Boonville Jockey Club," commencing on the 10th of Oct. The purses amount to about $600, besides an additional sum added to several sweepstakes. OWEN RAWLINS, Esq., has been elected President, and JOHN GARNOT, Esq., Secretary of the Club, which has adopted, with slight variation, the rules and orders of the Maryland Jockey Club, save in the matter of *weights*. The following scale has been adopted, much to our regret:—2 yr. olds, a feather; 3 yrs., 80 lbs.—4, 94—5, 106—6, 114—7 and upwards, 120 lbs.

Boat Race at Pittsburg, Pa.—We learn from the "Evening Visitor" that a trial of speed between the row-boats *Glaucus*, *Flash*, *Minstrel*, and *Waverley*, took place on the afternoon of Saturday last, in the view of a large concourse of delighted spectators. The weather was favorable, and the rowers all animated and alive to the spirit of the hour. The starting point was on the Monongahela river at the bridge, and the distance, to Brunot's Island and back, about five miles in all. The Glaucus led, and won the first prize, a Silver Rudder Yoke; the Minstrel was next in, and received a pair of colors.

The several boats came up to the starting point in the following order and time:—

Glaucus,	in 37	minutes	19	seconds.
Minstrel,	" 37	"	45	"
Flash,	" 41	"	53	"
Waverley,	" 43	"	15	"

The whole distance would have been performed in less time, had the river been in its usually favorable state.

Grouse Shooting in Missouri—The St. Louis Republican of the 17th ult., has put us in a fever by the following paragraph:—

Our sportsmen have a delightful time of it just now. On Wednesday last, Dr. H——, Capt. C——, Mr. O——, and Mr. M——, went to the Looking Glass prairie, and in less than twelve hours the four shot and bagged *one hundred and thirty-one* grouse. Let any Eastern sportsman, or any combination of them beat this if they can. We had the pleasure of a brace for dinner, and finer could not be desired by the veriest epicure in the land.

As an offset to this we will mention that a subscriber to "the Spirit" (and moreover one "who *has* sent two,") left town on Thursday evening last, and returned on Sunday morning, from Rhode Island, having had about twelve hours' shooting, with *sixty-seven* Marlin, and several varieties of beach birds.

"*Go it, Shakebags!*"—One of the untenanted rooms of the jail in Frederick, Md. has been appropriated to the *laudable* amusement of *cock-fighting!*

THE INDIANA TURF.

Our special correspondent, who has recently visited this fine State, writes us that the spirit of racing and breeding is rapidly increasing. At Terre-Haute last October, they had a very fine meeting; the blood of the horses, and the time they made, would have done credit to the Old Dominion. Whether a Spring meeting has been held this season, we are not aware, though we have kept a sharp eye upon the many spirited journals received from the Valley of the Wabash. Our agent writes that the new Jockey Club, organised last Fall, enjoys such a liberal patronage that a purse of $1500 will be given at the ensuing meeting, which commences on the 30th of Oct. The Course is beautifully located about a mile from Terre-Haute, and is handsomely fitted up; the track is first rate for time.

Among the horses in training for the ensuing October meeting, Mr. THOS. DOWLING of Terre-Haute, has *Keph* (by Hephestian, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.), the winner of the four mile day at Louisville this Spring, beating Dick Johnson, Conflict, Corinna, Sthreshley, Robt. Burns, and W. H. Harrison:—*Jemima Burbridge* by Woodpecker, dam by Sir Wm. of Transport, 4 yrs.,—*Truxton*, a very promising son of Gen. JACKSON's Commodore of that name, dam by Badger, 4 yrs.: and *Polly Hopkins*, by Splendor, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.

Mr. D. WEISAGER of Vermillion City, has *Sir William, Jr.* an aged horse by Sir Wm. of Transport—*Lady Harrison*, by the same, dam by Democrat—*Betsy Fisher*, by ditto, ditto—a 3 yr. old b. c. by Trumpator—*Contract, Jr.*, by Imp. Contract, 6 yrs. and a b. c. by Childers, 3 yrs.

Mr. SHORTOLD, of Lafayette, has *Willis* by Bertrand, dam by Southern Eclipse (query Maryland Eclipse), 4 yrs., and several other promising young things. The Lafayette (Indiana) Fall Races commence on Wednesday, the 17th of Oct.

FOOT RACING, Etc. AT HOBOKEN.

The first exhibition of Athletic Exercises, commenced on the Beacon Course, opposite this city on Wednesday last, but owing to the illness of STANNARD, who was not in attendance, the interest of the PEDESTRIANISM was in a great measure destroyed. Stannard's celebrity, and the fact that he had been in training for some time for the purses of $500, for three mile heats, and $250 for two miles, prevented any entries for those purses; as he "went amiss" while on a visit, he failed to make an entry himself, and thus the two principal purses were not contended for. The proprietor, however, gave an extra purse of $50 for three mile heats, to which there were three entries. The attendance from town was not so numerous as might have been anticipated, owing, principally, to the want of sufficient publicity given of the purses and sport to be expected. The sport commenced at 3 o'clock, with

A Foot Race of 200 *Yards*, purse $50—$5 to the 2d in the race.

Peter Van Pelt, of New York City	1
Wm. Van Buren, of Hackensack, N. J.	2
Wm. Vermilyea, of Hallett's Cove, L. I.	3
Jeremiah Ryan, of Croton Water Works, N. Y.	4

Time, 22½ seconds.

Van Buren was the favorite with the Jerseymen, having beaten Stannard in a trial of 200 yards some ten days since. The winner is a public baggage carrier. Ryan is a Patlander employed on the Croton Water Works; he is six feet high, and a heavy built man of about 38; though beaten off three rods, he would have been backed to win had the race been repeated at 400 yards.

Walking Match—Purse $50—$10 to the 2d in the race, for the greatest distance walked in one hour, fair toe and heel.

Wm. Vermilyea, of Hallett's Cove	1
Peter Miller	2
Jeremiah Ryan	0
John Van Ostrand	0

Vermilyea walked 5 miles and 1540 yards.

Foot Race, Three mile heats—Purse $50.

Samuel Clemens, half bred Indian, from Oneida County, N. Y.	1	1
John Van Ostrand	3	2
Robert McGinn	2	3

Time, 16:35—16:54.

Won easy; Clemens might have doubly distanced his competitors. He is a cross of the Mulatto and Indian, and an out and outer. A party will back him, we hear, against Stannard; he was loudly cheered on coming in the 2d heat.

SECOND DAY.

Foot Race, Mile heats—Purse $50.

Samuel Clemens, "pedigree above!"	1	2	1
Mr ——	2	1	2

Two "others started, but were not placed."

Time, 5:37—6:03—5:52.

Clemens "broke down" in his "fore foot" on the last quarter of the 3d heat, and was obliged to walk in.

Foot Race, Quarter of a mile—Purse $40—$10 to the 2d in the race.

Peter Van Pelt, of New York	1
Pete Whetstone, Jr., of Communipaw	2

Three others started, but were "no where" at the finish.

Time, 1 minute.

Next came off a *Jumping Match*, for a purse of $25, $5 to the second best; the purse was given to Mr. BROWN, as having covered the greatest distance in three standing jumps. There were five entries; they jumped with weights; Brown cleared *thirty-three* feet.

To this succeeded a match at *Sledge Throwing*, for a purse of $10; there were six entries; the purse was won by J. Ryan, (mentioned before) who threw the Sledge, weighing 13 lbs., *sixty-five* feet.

On the whole, the Exercises went off very cleverly, when we consider that this was the first attempt to get up an exhibition of the kind. Well managed, we have no doubt the sport would be well patronized, and give general satisfaction.

BOAT RACE FOR $1000 A-SIDE.

On Monday last came off the match between the two crack row boats, *The Disowned* and *The Spark*, for $1000 a-side, opposite Bradley's, at the foot of 42d street, North River. Distance, Five miles—Six oars each. Result:—

The Spark, (built by Benj. Shamburg)	1
The Disowned, (built by Thos. Seaman)	2

Time, 26 minutes.

Crew of *The Spark*:—John, Anthony, and Abraham Ludlow, John Jennings, David Webb, and Henry Barger; Samuel Ludlow, coxswain.

Crew of *The Disowned*:—William and Isaac Seaman, Edwin D. Hart, Abraham Simmons, Cornelius Britton, and Nathaniel Cole; Cornelius Cole, coxswain.

Judges:—J. S. Brownell, H. McLean, P. Brazier, and J. Vanderhoof; Umpire, J. Balsey.

The Spark came in handily about 200 yards ahead, and the stakes were accordingly declared her's by the Judges. The crew of The Disowned afterwards accused The Spark of rowing foul, and refused to deliver up the stakes, though no complaint was laid before the Judges at the termination of the race of foul play, and consequently they declined reconsidering their decision. Had the crew of The Disowned preferred their complaint before the Judges made their decision, no doubt the stakes would have been delivered to them, and The Spark declared distanced. We conceive that it is entirely owing to their neglect that they did not receive the stakes, and that the Judges will be sustained in the decision they arrived at, on the ground that nothing was said about rowing foul until after their decision was declared, an opportunity having been afforded the injured party to prefer such complaint had they chosen to do so. The crew of The Disowned have apprised the stakeholder, Mr. THOMAS CLARKE, that if he pays over the stakes to The Spark, proceedings will be instituted against him for their recovery, and thus the matter stands.

CAPT. RILEYS IMPORTATION OF ARABIAN HORSES.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times—SIR,—After my shipwreck in the brig *Commerce* upon the coast of Africa in 1815, and my slavery and sufferings upon the Great Desert, and my redemption by WILLIAM WILLSHIRE, Esq., at Swearah (Magadore), in the empire of Morocco, I had seen, in travelling through that region, a race of beautiful, strong, active, and hardy horses, which stood (as they are always made to do in those countries) in the open air, exposed to the sun and rains, and changes of the weather, fastened by their fore feet to a rope 10 or 15 feet long, (which is pegged down at its two ends,) and living upon straw and a little barley, given once a day. On seeing their performances, I was convinced that those horses were more fleet, active, and enduring than any in our country. In the year 1832 I made, in the brig *Wm. Tell*, of New York, under my own command, a voyage to Swearah, and paid a visit of gratitude to my benefactor, Mr. Willshire, who is still there, enjoying the offices of British Vice Consul, and of Vice Consul also for the United States, and five of the principal states of Europe, and a merchant of great respectability. From the year 1832 up to this time I have been carrying on a trade between this port and Swearah, more or less, new and not always profitable. With the view of improving our breed of horses, my invaluable friend obtained at a great expense from the Emperor MULEY ABDER AHAMAN to export two horses from his empire to the United States. Being no horseman myself, I obtained from Gen. JACKSON, then at Washington, and President of the United States, and from his Secretary, Maj. A. J. DONELSON, all the information they could give with regard to the form of horses, their breed, character, and blood, best calculated to improve our stock.

With this information I returned to Swearah, and by the aid of my noble friend, succeeded in obtaining, at a great cost, from the Bashaw of the Province of Abdah a three year old colt. That colt is called in Arabic *Mazyoube* (Delight of the eye). He is a dark iron grey, with long flowing silver colored mane and tail; he stands full sixteen hands one inch high, has a noble, fine appearance, head, neck, and shoulder faultless, with very short back and strong loin, but with a drooping rump, and is a natural trotter; his whole apeearance lion-like for strength and action. This horse was shipped by Mr. Willshire at Swearah in Sept. 1835, on board the *Wm. Tell*, and landed at New York in October, of the same year, in fine condition.

By request of Maj. DONELSON, I sent him to Washington city, who then proposed sending him to his own farm in Tennessee, and to keep him for me one year gratis, to have him trained for the turf, and tried in the Fall of 1836. His owners consented; he was sent there, and trained by Mr. POOLE, on Gen. Jackson's Course, near Nashville, and showed great strength and speed, but in a trial of two mile heats with four of the crack nags of Tennessee, on going round a sharp turn in the track, struck his left hind foot upon the sinew of his fore leg and split it, but yet came out ahead of the four competitors for one mile. In announcing to me the fact of this accident, Maj. Donelson says,—"Your horse has speed equal to our best horses," but owing to that accident, thinks he may never be able to bear training so as to prove his bottom.

JAMES WATSON RILEY, my son, of St. Mary's, Ohio, then went to Tennessee, took an interest in *Mazyoube*, brought him to Georgetown, in Kentucky, where he stood for and covered mares in 1837, at the stables of S. W. SCRUGGS, Esq., and has got some very beautiful and very promising stock. Maj. Donelson has also, I presume, a colt or two from him. In 1838, the present year, he has stood as a stallion in Dayton, Ohio, and covered more than 100 mares. His stock of 1837 has established his character as a foal getter, and his colts bear strong marks of superior strength, speed, and beauty. His sire was a full blooded Arabian, his dam the best blooded barb of the Abdah breed. Their pedigree, very long and interesting, is translated from the Arabic.

In the year 1836 Mr. Willshire procured, at a great expense, from CIDI BEN ABD-ALLAH, Bashaw of Bled el Tedlah, lying south and east of the Atlas mountains, a three year old colt, of the best and purest Arabian blood, shipped him at Swearah in the brig *America*, Capt. Thomas Robinson, who landed him in New York in Sept. 1836, since when he has been under my charge; in order to accustom him to our climate, and render him more valuable as a stallion, he has covered a few mares this season, and is now offered for sale, in the hope that he may improve our breed of race horses.

I send you an advertisement, which I wish you to publish until the day of the sale, and I remain, Sir, respectfully, your ob't serv't, JAMES RILEY.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Prospects of the Bear Shooting this Fall—Col. Thompson's stable and his trainer—Effect of the climate upon horses from the North—New race course at Van Buren—Fall races and new Theatre at Little Rock—Col. Oliver and the Louisville Spring races—Conflict and his new owner, Walker Thurston—Col. Bingaman's Fanny Wright—Col. Hampton and his importations—Col. Crowell's Lady Nashville and Bolivia—The Eclipse Saddle—Glencoe's colts—the Medoc and Woodpecker stock, etc.

BATESVILLE, Arks., Aug. 7, 1838.

My Dear P.—We have had a long spell of hot dry weather, which has blasted the most beautiful prospect for fine crops, and unless we soon get a rain, the *Doctors' harvest* will set in. The Mast is abundant, and Bears are more plenty than ever were known. There will be all sorts of good hunting this Fall.

I take pleasure in speaking of the fine condition of Col. THOMPSON's horses; for by doing so I pay a just tribute to *Billy Alexander*, under whose charge they are, and at the same time do away an erroneous impression relative to the climate. It is true that a horse raised north of the Potomac would in some degree be affected by the climate, but if raised south of it, I do not think the climate would injure him, though a *change of water* might.

There has been a new course laid off at Van Buren, some 8 or 10 miles below Fort Smith. The Club is a spirited one, and we are to have fine purses and fine sport there. They commence on the 17th Oct., just one week before the Fort Smith races.

The Little Rock races come off during the Session of the Legislature. You will have seen their *bill of fare* in the Arkansas papers before this reaches you. It is a sumptuous one, and reflects great credit on the good people of that city.

By-the-bye they are going to have a theatre in full blast by the *meeting of the Legislature*. Mr. POTTER, the spirited manager of some of the Western theatres, has recently been to the Rock, and notwithstanding the hot weather, he succeeded in stirring them up with a *long pole*. Success to the undertaking.

Our friend OLIVER is decidedly a very great man in his way, and the very beautiful compliments you have from time to time paid him, were well merited. The last Louisville races reflected much credit on his industry and liberality. Speaking of the Louisville races, there is one thing that is a mystery to me. How came all the horses to save their distance in the best 3 in 5 day, if the track is a mile, and the time accurately reported?—only think of it—1:48—1:48½—1:48. This is certainly too fast—or if not too fast, it beats shot out of a shot gun. Six such heely nags never were congregated together before.*

Conflict was offered before his race to a citizen of Arkansas for a pitiful $1000. He didn't bite, and that is the time he missed it. Col. BINGAMAN's *Man-Friday* that was, but WALKER THURSTON that is, picked him up for a couple of thousands. By-the-bye this Walker is a rare chap—few have his judgment about horse flesh, and he uses his knowledge to great advantage.

Where is *Fanny Wright?*† Is she off the turf, or "vot of" her? The lower country folks do believe that when *right* she can beat any thing that ever wore hair, from the word *go* to the word *wo*. I trust she may come out this Fall as fresh as a rose, for her liberal and spirited owner is a man after my own heart.

I see Col. HAMPTON is still importing—he brings over the best—*Delphine in foal to Plenipo.* Now I would like to know what better than this is left over the big waters. The Colonel is the right sort of a man, and when he goes a catting he goes a catting.

I regret the death of *Lady Nashville's* colt by *Bascombe*. It would have made a clinker. The old lady was as game a little nag as ever made a track, and if ever she could reach a horse she was sure to beat him. *Bolivia's* colt must be fine. She had great speed, and crossed with the winner of the *Eclipse Saddle*, she ought to do wonders. Their gallant owner deserves good luck.

What of the Eclipse Saddle?—how is it challenged for, &c.? or does it remain for ever where it now is?‡

Glencoe's colts are said to be as fine as silk, and his harem will be full of choice mares next season.

The *Woodpeckers* and the *Medocs* are going it with a rush. It is so good and so good—first *red head* has it, then Medoc. They are both fine horses, and from good mares they can knock out racers. Truly yours, N.

* The track is certainly a full mile, and the race was timed by half a dozen persons, though we are not aware by whom! The time made was so surprising, that hundreds would be gratified to know *who* held the watches. Can OLIVER supply any information about this matter?

† Fanny Wright is in training, and was looking very well a month since, though fears were entertained she might give way. Col. BINGAMAN some time since purchased *Sarah Bladen* to take her place at the head of his string. He owned her when she ran the *Picton* match.

‡ The Eclipse Saddle still remains with Col. CROWELL. We presume a banter for $10,000 *and the Saddle* would bring it out for competition. Just try it; the Colonel is "on hand" for any thing of the kind, and getting the Saddle out of his keeping won't be quite so easy as falling off a log.—*Editor*.

NATCHEZ, 14th Aug., 1838.

Dear Sir,—Below I send you a copy of a Stallion Stake, got up here a few days since, and hope you will insert it, for the benefit of those who breed in Louisiana.

I was pleased to see, in your paper of the 21st July, Mr. WELD's handsome challenge—I hope it will be accepted. J. C. STEVENS is the man to do the trick.

Yours truly, A YOUNG TURFMAN.

Stallion Stake in Mississippi.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Stallion Sweepstakes, $500 sub., $250 ft., agreeable to the rules of the Natchez Jockey Club, over the Pharsalia Course, on the 3d Saturday in Nov., 1841, with colts and fillies, then 2 yrs. old, the get of stallions only that covered in Louisiana and Miss., this season (1838). Each subscriber ts name three mares, to the produce of which he will be confined; the stake to close on the 1st January, 1839. Nominations to be directed, post paid, to John ROUTH, Esq. President of the Natchez Jockey Club.

A. L. Bingaman names the produce of —— and Scarlet.
W. J. Minor " " " —— and Longwaist.

News from Europe.

TEN DAYS LATER.

The packet ship *South America*, Captain BARSTOW, arrived at this port on Wednesday afternoon, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 4th of August.

We have received by the South America copious files of papers, and *ten* of the English Magazines for Aug. The contents of the latter appear to be more than usually diversified and interesting, not only as regards the sporting, but the literary magazines. We shall "trot out" the final letter of our friend *Mr. Charles Yellowplush* next week, and the week after, present our readers with one of the very latest "Jaunts and Jollities" of that renowned sporting citizen of Great Coram Street, *Mr. John Jorrocks*, by "a sporting Boz," and one of the richest things that has yet been produced.

Nothing of particular interest has occurred in British sporting circles since our last advices. *Mohometan* is first favorite for the Goodwood Stakes, *Harkaway* for the Goodwood Cup, and *Ion* for the St. Leger. Bell's Life and the other sporting journals are crowded with long provincial race reports, that can be of very little use or interest to American readers, inasmuch as no pedigrees are given, and the horses are comparatively unknown to the general reader.

The game of *Billiards, on horseback*, by two members of the Paris Jockey Club, has at length come off! The grand difficulty appeared to be that of getting the horses up stairs to the billiard-room. A recent attempt had quite failed to make the horses walk up the staircase of the *Theatre Francaise*, in order to draw the car of Caligula on the stage. The horses of the Jockey Club were, however, lighter, and better trained, and they succeeded accordingly. In the ante-room, they had worsted stockings put on, to deaden the noise of their iron shoes. The players then mounted, cues in hand, and the game commenced. The time allotted was four hours, and the game (12 points) was won 20 minutes within the limited period, the loser marking 10 points. Considering the numerous difficulties, this was certainly a great effort of skill. The horses jumped, danced, jibbed, and took every advantage of their riders having both hands engaged while trying to strike the ball.

His friends will be glad to see by our extracts, that "little HILL" is "getting on," at the Haymarket. It will be seen, too, that another "flare up" has occurred between Lord Castlereagh and Grisi and her husband. As poor old Mathews used to say, "that boy will be the death of us."

We now subjoin our gleanings from the papers, and in our next will treat our readers to a taste of the qualities of the magazines.

SAM CHIFNEY AND JEM ROBINSON.—A celebrated sporting character, in one of his "DILLY-*jaunts*," the other day, whilst discussing the comparative merits of these two "first raters," thus facetiously expressed himself:—"As to Jem Robinson, his talent is not to be questioned; he will ride through a church door, however awkward and refractory the animal may be on which he is mounted; but as to Sam Chifney, only let him get tight hold of his horse's head, and *he'll rush slap through the keyhole!*" Sunday Times.

WORCESTER RACES.—The sport at our ensuing races already excites considerable interest in the racing world, and we have every reason to believe those expectations will be realised. In addition to the stakes, &c. already advertised, a match has been made for the second day by BENJAMIN COLLETT, Esq., of Grafton Manor House, one of the staunchest supporters of the turf, and JOHN COOKES, Esq., of Woodhampton, betwixt two horses belonging to those gentlemen. The distance half a mile, and the owners to ride, which will give additional zest to the struggle. Worcester Journal.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.—A very beautiful racing cup, which is to be run for at the Goodwood races next week, and is the gift of Lord Suffield, one of the Stewards, has just been finished by Messrs. Storr & Mortimer, of New Bond-street. It is an exact copy of the celebrated Adrian bowl, tastefully wrought in silver, and ornamented with four highly finished doves, placed upon the edge of the vase. The vase stands upon a plinth of lapis lazuli, and the effect of the whole is very simple and beautiful. The workmanship is of the most exquisite description. We are glad to see that the spirit of reform, which so materially influences the great institutions of the country, has had its effects even upon racing cups. They are improving every year in design and variety, and the old-fashioned cups, till lately so universally prevalent, have been fairly placed in schedule A, without even the formality of parliamentary sanction.

GEORGE EDWARDS.—We have heard, from good authority, that George Edwards, the jockey, is about to be added to the racing establishment of the Duke of Orleans. The "broth of a boy" is now in Paris settling the preliminaries. We heartily wish good luck to him. Sunday Times.

PROSPECTS OF THE SHOOTING SEASON.—Notwithstanding the extraordinary severity of the last winter, which one might have thought sufficient wholly to exterminate every species of the *feræ naturæ*, there is every prospect of an abundance of game this season. The reports from the Monmouthshire hills are favorable, and preparations are being made upon an extensive scale for the destruction of the grouse; that period of the year so animating to all true lovers of the sport being close at hand. As to partridges, the weather was peculiarly propitious during the season of incubation, and the coveys are remarkably numerous, both young and old being *at present* very tame. A gentleman in walking along a public road lately, observed no less than four coveys, each containing from sixteen to thirteen birds each. Leverets are also abundant. As the harvest will again be late this year, it is much to be wished that some such regulation as that adopted in France, by which the commencement of partridge shooting would be fixed according to circumstances, should be established in England. At present, if, as is often the case, there should be much grain out in September, the sportsman and the farmer, too, are sadly inconvenienced, which annoyance might easily be avoided by fixing the beginning of the shooting season a week or two later. Sunday Times.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—A match for fifty sovereigns a-side was shot on the 10th inst. in the neighborhood of London. The number of shots were seven each, and the distance 180 yards from the target. The parties were J. J. Bodkin, Esq., M. P., and one of the most celebrated rifle shots in England. Large sums were staked on the result of the match, which, after victory had for some time appeared doubtful, was eventually won by Mr. Bodkin, in shooting of almost unprecedented excellence.

On Thursday last the Acrotormentarian Society's medal was shot for at Chalk Farm, but in consequence of the weather not being very propitious, the Club did not meet so numerously as was expected. Only four gentlemen contended for the prize, which was won by Mr. Moore. He struck the target 20 times in 24 shots; the first 12 shots at 250 yards, six from the shoulder and six from the rest, Mr. M. hit the target 11 times. A second prize was awarded to Mr. Lancaster, who struck the target 13 times in 24 shots.

The grand federal rifle meeting at St. Gall has passed over with great eclat, as we find by the Swiss papers. The total amount of the prizes was 65,000 f.; the superb fowling piece given by Prince Louis Napoleon, was gained by an inhabitant of the Canton of Glaris. Before separating, the members came to a resolution of giving themselves a system of organization, not interfering with the Cantonal and federal military enrolments, by which they might be able to act as a corps, in case of any foreign invasion taking place in Switzerland. The meeting for next year will, it is believed, be held at Soleure. Bell's Life.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—At the Red House Grounds, on Wednesday, Capt. Hemmings and a well-known sporting gentleman shot for 20 sovereigns, with five traps, 21 yards distance, the former shooting at 16 single shots, with one hand, against eight double ones. The Captain was the favorite at 6 to 4, but there were very few takers, he being an excellent shot. He, however, lost the match by a bird, he scoring twelve, and his adversary thirteen, the latter having killed six double shots. They then shot another match on the same terms. At the fourth shot it was a tie: the Captain then passed, and won by two birds. A novel match followed, at eight double shots each, five traps, for £5, the Captain shooting with one hand at 17 yards, against his opponent's twenty-five with both. He won at the seventh shot by three birds, killing 1. A 30 yard match, for two sovs., three birds each, one trap, was shot by the same party. The Captain won, killing all. He then shot a match with Mr. Bang, six birds each, at 30 yards. They tied, but Mr. Bang was ultimately the loser. On Friday the same gentlemen shot a match on the same terms as the first, for £20, the Captain giving four dead birds out of twelve double shots. He won the match by two birds. They then shot another, which he lost by two birds. They afterwards shot at six double shots, the same distance, with the five traps, for £20. The Captain only killed four, losing by one bird. Bell's Life.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Edward Molloy, whose performance of one mile and a quarter an hour for one thousand successive hours is very greatly doubted, proposes to walk Townsend one mile and a half an hour, the first to give in to be deemed the loser, or to walk one mile every half hour on the same terms. He is determined to show the superiority of the tee-total system; but he mentions no stake, which is indispensable to such an undertaking, and no doubt the tee-totallers will patronise the undertaking.

Turner's proposition to walk Mountjoy 20 miles, if the latter would give him five minutes, was not accepted. Mountjoy offered to give him three minutes, but he declined. He also declined walking young Sharp ten or twenty miles, nor would he take ten minutes in 40 miles from Townsend. He wishes to make certainties, but cannot be accommodated.

On Monday evening, William Warren undertook to run from the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, to the Grand Stand on the Race-course and back, in fifty-five minutes, a distance of seven miles, and which may be considered equal to ten miles on level ground, the whole of the road there being a steep ascent. He performed the distance in fifty-two minutes, besides stopping about three minutes at Prestbury on his return. When he arrived at the Plough he did not appear the least distressed, and even offered to run the same distance, if it was made worth his while, in forty-five minutes.

A somewhat novel freak came off on Monday week on the sands at Scarborough. Mr. J. Lee, coachman of the True Blue, from Leeds to Scarborough, agreed to carry Mr. Outhwaite's favorite whip, "Sovereigns," coachman of the Blucher, 50 yards whilst Messrs. Cattle and Maddock's bl. c. *Myers*, by Bazaar, ran one hundred yards. The report of the match having got abroad, some thousands of spectators thronged the Cliff-bridge and sands to witness the sport, when, true to time, Lee stripped, in prime condition, and appeared able to carry any weight of sovereigns in her Majesty's dominions: and Myers, full of puff, seemed confident of success. Off they started, Sovereigns managing his blue Rosinante admirably, when the black colt wantonly crossed the course, and upset the True Blue; Sovereigns flew in all directions, and made a wonderful impression on the sands, to the no small amusement of the company assembled. In consequence of the foul play of Myers, True Blue was declared the winner, and is open to run the trumpeter again for a thousand.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.—We are happy to find that there is every prospect of a Grand Stand being completed by next year, on a plan as much like the one at Goodwood as possible. We have been favored with a copy of the prospectus, by which it is proposed to raise the sum of £10,000, in shares of £500 each, at 3 per cent. interest, payable half yearly. The trustees to have the power, after payment of the interest, to redeem one £500 bond annually, so that in twenty years the debt will be discharged, and the subsequent proceeds of the stand appropriated for the benefit of the races. The calculation of receipts have been made upon so exceedingly moderate a scale, and the advantages to the public are so obvious, that there cannot be the slightest doubt of the shares being disposed of by the time fixed, namely, the 10th of the ensuing month. The land for the erection of the Stand has been granted by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to the trustees (Lord Errol, C. Greville, and H. Seymour, Esqrs.), on a long lease, at a nominal rent. Those who require further particulars, can obtain them on applica- to Mr. Hibbard, of Egham, or Mr. R. Horn, of Staines. Bell's Life.

THE IRISH TURF AND HARKAWAY.—An old member of the Coffee-room at Newmarket begs us to state, "that if Mr. Ferguson made the bet with Mr. Whittle, viz., 200 to 500, that his horse Harkaway won the four Queen's Plates, and that, *after* the bet was made, the usual and known time was altered (whether or not known to either party), or the Plates removed to different places, Mr. Ferguson is not held to his bet.—See Racing Calendar, where all bets are void if altered to a different Meeting." Ib.

TO GOODWOOD IN A DAY.—The four horse coach which will proceed to Goodwood and back on Thursday (the Cup day), under the auspices of a celebrated whip, starting from the Bull and Mouth, Regent circus, Piccadilly, at five in the morning, has nearly completed her freight, and those who wish to avail themselves of this "railway pace," must "stir their stumps," or it will be "no go." Harkaway, the Irish nonpareil, excites great interest, and many of the "jolly Emeralders" have already turned their "potatoe traps" towards the scene of his expected triumph. Ib.

A provincial paper states that Mr. Robinson has refused 1500 guineas for *Melbourne:* we do not believe a word of it. The same paper states that the owner of Melbourne is ready to run his horse against *St. Bennett*, a match, over the York Course, in the ensuing August meeting, at equal weights, two miles, for any sum his owner may choose to name. Ib.

Mr. Charles Peck, of Malton, has sold his splendid mare by Velocipede, dam by Cerberus, grandam Barefoot's dam, stinted to Worlaby Baylock, to John Smith, Esq., of Burnby. The price has not yet transpired, but it is supposed to be considerable. Ib.

Mr. Leash, late guard of the Rockingham, London and Leeds coach, has taken the Greyhound, at Doncaster, and has opened a betting-room called "Young Tattersall's, at Doncaster," which is very numerously and respectably attended.

The Duke of Grafton has sold *Unique*, to go to Germany. The price is said to be 150 guineas.

GREYLOCK.—We understand that the public-spirited owner, after receiving the first prize at Hackness Show on Saturday week, refused £530 for this splendid grey coaching stallion, now rising five years old, rather than he should leave the country, where his stock is coming out so superior for bone, symmetry, and action.

TROTTING MATCH.—A trotting match came off on Monday week at Pickering, between Mr. Peter Milestone's b. m. *Spitfire*, 5 yrs., and Mr. Humble's old brood mare *Milkmaid*, 22 yrs., to trot one mile on the Malton road, for money in bets made, amounting to £8 15s., which was won by the "old one" with great ease.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London—SIR,—As my worthy brother angler, Mr. Eustace, refuses to accept my challenge in the Derwent for what he calls "small trout, or fry," and says any muff may fill a dish with that sort; I can only say that he is very much mistaken; for there are both very fine trout and grayling in the rivers Derwent and Wye, Derbyshire, only they want catching, and they are muffs that cannot take them. I query if he would not be one of them if he fished in the Derwent. He speaks of my whipping it till it trembles at my presence; I fear he would tremble if he saw my style of casting the fly in any river. He mentions Wales and Scotland, to take old trouts, pound weight and above; they are not very easy to find that size there, for they run very small in Wales. I consider a person very short of experience that has never fished in the Derbyshire rivers. Mr. Eustace mentions eleven o'clock in the morning to commence angling: we take them early in the morning, before they are properly awake, or whilst Mr. Eustace is sleeping the best time away. He must be fonder of writing or talking, which are cheaper than fishing; so I shall take no further notice of his remarks, and remain, &c. J. TURTON.

Sheffield, 25th July, 1838.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—[To the Editor of Bell's Life in London.]—SIR,—When I was in Yankeeshire I heard a great deal about "would-be champions" challenging any man in England. "While the cat's away the mice will play;" and thus the little fry took advantage of my absence to bounce and crow like cocks in a gutter. I hastened back to take the shine out of these braggadocios, and to put their pretensions to the test. I beg to state that I am now ready to fight any man in England for from One Hundred to Five Hundred Pounds; and as my old friend Jem Ward has retired from the ring, if he will add his Champion's belt to the prize, and let the best man wear it, he will give new energies to the ring, and, I trust, afford an opportunity for deciding the long-contested question, "Who is the Champion of England?" I bar neither country nor color—age nor dimensions; and whether it be the Goliah Caunt, or his hardy antagonist Bendigo, or any other man who ever wore a head, I am his customer, and "no mistake." My money is ready at Jem Burn's, the Queen's Head, Queen's Head-court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, at a moment's notice; but I will not consent to a less deposit than £26 at starting. If I find the race of old English boxers of the right kindney is extinct, I shall go back to America, where an honest man need never want "a friend or a bottle." DEAF BURKE.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

Mr. BUNN is again the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. Who will be actors? Who, with the recollection of the past season, will enlist under his banners? We strongly recommend all performers, in making their engagements, to make them with the Committee. If they do not, they deserve all that will follow. Mrs. Almond, no doubt, will be the *prima donna*, and Mr. Templeton the first male singer; but where are the tragedians and comedians to come from? Why should we put the question? They are not in requisition at that establishment. An importation of French dancers, a sufficient quantity of tinsel, and a hundred of Guards to go on in processions, is all that is required at *one* of our patent theatres; at the *other* the public can assemble and enjoy a treat in the true and legitimate way. To say the least they did so last season, and we are quite certain the next will be conducted on similar principles. Age.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Macready made his first appearance this season as *Kitely*, in the comedy of *Every Man in his Humor*. It is a part that is peculiarly adapted to his splendid talents, and we have rarely seen him to greater advantage than we did on Monday last. He was warmly applauded throughout the performance; but we are inclined to think it is a comedy which will not do much for the theatre. Webster was the *Captain Bobadil*, but not exactly the *Bobadil* intended by the author; in fact, we have no representative of that character on the stage. However, a better, "under existing circumstances," could not be met with. Hill the American was the *Master Stephen*, and Buckstone *Master Matthew;* the latter was at home, but the former quite out of his element; in short, Hill cannot do any thing in the legitimate way—he can only delineate the peculiarities of his countrymen. Miss Taylor had little to do as *Dame Kitely*, but that little was done well: we are right glad to find her again on the boards of this *seeing* and *hearing theatre*. *The Provoked Husband* was performed on Wednesday to an excellent house. Macready's *Townley* is well known to our readers. Age.

SURREY.—Davidge has been making a great display with the fittings of the Coronation; he has introduced them in a piece called *Darnley, or the Cloth of Gold*, and the house has been crowded every evening. Warde plays the hero, and the rest of the characters are well sustained by Courtenay, Saville, and Dale.

James Wallack is looking out for stars for the National. We understand that he is determined to beat Yankee Price out of the field. Age of July 29.

ENGLISH OPERA.—*The Witch of Derncleugh* is to be succeeded by Peake's *Evil Eye*, and a new romantic opera by that *British musician*, Alexander Macfarren. Wieland is to play that very interesting individual of illustrious descent, *The Devil*, and it could not be placed in better hands, O. Smith having retired upon *half pay*. We are sorry to hear that this establishment has not been so well attended as it ought to have been: if the Queen would show a disposition to patronize native talent, and pay a visit to the *English Opera* as well as the *Italian*, it would be of great service to some good and deserving performers.

NEW STRAND.—Mrs. Honey has been playing a short engagement at this theatre, in the pices of *Woman's the Devil* (so says Lord Chesterfield) and *Don Giovanni*. She has brought good houses, and Hammond must have profited by her services.

VICTORIA.—*The Foundling of the Forest* has been revived here, Forrester playing the *Foundling*. We thought Mrs. Montgomery had taken care of him; but perhaps he strayed for a little pleasure.

The COLOSSEUM will be opened on Saturday evening next, at the reduced price of one shilling, refreshment ticket included. Oh! what a falling off, my countrymen!.

Miss Shirreff and Wilson, accompanied by Stretton and Manvers, appeared at the Liverpool Theatre on Monday last (July 23), in Auber's opera of *Fra Diavolo*. Miss Shirreff, who has ever been a favorite with the Liverpool folks, was particularly well received, and was encored in most of her songs. Wilson was not less fortunate; and Manvers and Stretton came in for their share of applause. Stuart, the leading tragedian, played *Macbeth* on the Saturday previous to a very good house.

The CORK THEATRE opens on Monday next (July 30), with the opera of *La Sonnambula*. Miss Romer will appear as *Amina*, Templeton as *Elvino*, and Balfe in *Count Rodolpho!*

Ducrow is doing well at Astley's; Honner is carrying all before him at Sadler's Wells; and Mr. Last (not the St. Pancras printer) is about to take a benefit at the St. James's.

Yates and his wife are at York, performing to good houses; Balls is touring in the provinces with great success; and Celeste has gone to Paris for a short time, previous to her leaving England for the United States.

W. Farren, Keeley, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Honey and Oxberry are engaged at the Olympic Theatre. Balls, John Webster, F. Mathews and Mrs. Keeley at the Adelphi.

ACCIDENT AT SADLER'S WELLS.—One of the ladies of the ballet approaching, on Saturday last, too near the float, her dress caught fire, and she was in a moment enveloped in flames. Mr. Honner and one of the carpenters, with great presence of mind threw her down, and the light was extinguished, but not before she had suffered injuries that will, it is feared, confine her for some months, and materially injure her personal appearance for the remainder of her life.

Spontini, the celebrated composer, is stated to have come to this country to make researches of an historical and local description, in order to complete a five-act semi-serio opera, to be called *Cromwell*.

Vaccaji's last new opera of *Marco Visconti* has been performing with great applause at Milan.

Mademoiselle Taglioni will, it is stated, renew her engagements at St. Petersburgh in September.

A new opera, by Marschner, entitled *Baba*, and founded on an Indian tale, has been produced with much successs at the King's Theatre, Hanover.

The last opera by Donizetti, entitled *Maria Rudens*, which was but coolly received at Venice, has been performed with much success at the Theatre de la Pergola, at Florence.

Mercadente's new opera, *I Dua Illustri Rivalli*, has been performing at Venice with a success which is attributed to its powerful vocal support by the *artistes* engaged—Mademoiselles Ungher and Tadolina, and Signor Moriani.

Miss Chambers, the banker's daughter, proceeds to Southampton the middle of next month, where she intends having a concert. This lady's history is a melancholy one. Her father has been imprisoned for twelve years—her mother deprived of her settlement—while she who was born to bright prospects, has come forward to assist in alleviating the sorrows of her family. Wherever she has hitherto appeared the most enthusiastic greeting has compassionately welcomed her, and ensured her crowded audiences.

At the close of her Majesty's Theatre, Mori departs for the country, accompanied by Albertazzi, and Lablache and son.

A grand musical festival is to be held at Frankfort to-morrow (July 30). It will be remarkable in this respect, that no vocal music will be performed but by male voices; and 1,200 singers, as we learn, from all parts of Germany, will take part in it. Sunday Times.

The Queen of the French has sent £1,000 to Madame Albert, of the Vaudeville. At the desire of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, a list of the poorer class of persons whose property had been destroyed by the fire has been made out, and sums equivalent, in some cases, to one third, and, in others, to more than one-half of the loss sustained, have been sent by his royal highness to the sufferers.

MORE FOR MONSIEUR MELCY.—Another pleasant scene of the Grisi farce had nearly been enacted at the opera on Tuesday night. Monsieur Melcy was about starting off to the shooting gallery for his pistols, but he was soon assured that no harm was meant. Lord Castlereagh made his appearance, looking as sentimental as a sucking dove; displaying every anxiety to bill and coo with "the singing woman." His lordship endeavored to look as interesting as possible, while listening to the seductive notes of the Syren, but when he met the glance of her husband, he frowned as fierce as the Saracens head on Snow-hill. However, he produced an effect, as Grisi was obliged to be carried to her dressing-room; and she could subsequently not sing more than half of the music allotted to her. The lady either fainted, or made a *feint* of doing so, at which his Lordship seemed perfectly satisfied with himself; and Melcy felt that he should like to get a little satisfaction out of him. Now, why did Grisi display all this acute sensibility? Was it affected, or was it real? If affected, we think that the sooner the public scout such nonsense the better; if real, why—thereby hangs a tale, which we leave Monsieur Melcy to unravel. The puppyism of Lord Castlereagh on the night in question, exceeded all his former efforts; he imagined himself "the observed of all observers," and when he caused a Prima Donna to faint, his triumph was complete. Satirist.

It is highly to the credit of the moral feeling of the new country (America)—though little to the credit of the old—that two theatrical performers who could brave public decorum in the latter, found it necessary to be married before they could make their appearance in the former. Sunday Times.

A farce entitled *New Notions* has been produced at the Haymarket with merited success. The main feature, however, is the introduction of a *Major Wheeler*, a genuine Yankee, whose notions are decidedly *wrong*, but who manages to apply them so methodically, that they eventually make matters go *right*. This character is inimitably supported by Hill, for whom the part has been concocted. The theatre continues to be well attended. The Town.

SURREY.—In addition to his *Charming Polly*, Davidge has favored us with something here "surpassing gorgeousness," for so it is announced in the play-bills, and he may stand at the doors of his own theatre and exclaim with Hamlet—"I have that within which passeth show." The *Cloth of Gold*, to say the least of it, is a pageant of the first water, and the novel idea of engrafting the identical "suits and trappings" of the Westminster coronation upon the boards of the Surrey Theatre, savours of the very first order of managerial invention and intellect. Town.

Mr. William Shakspeare, it is stated, is shortly to appear in a new drama, written expressly for him by R. B. Peake, Esq., and entitled "All round my Hat." The Town.

A one-act force, called *New Notions*, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday evening, and very favorably received. Mr. Hill personated the hero, *Major Wheeler*, an American major, who can turn his hand (and brains also) to anything; and who, finding business rather slack for a few weeks, thinks it may be a good speculation to visit the old country, and realise something by inoculating it with his new notions. These new notions embrace the whole circle of arts and manufactures, in every one of which he is for going a-head. Amongst them is a plan for perpetual animal motion, by fixing a long rod with a sharp point upon the hind leg of a horse, so that every time it moves he spurs his fore leg, which in turn necessitates another movement of the hind leg, spurring again, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Some opera ion of this sort seems going on with American farcicalities. Such things as *Yankee Pedlars* and *New Notions* will poke one another on, each making the risible muscles keep moving, till, we suppose, the subject, like the horse, will drop from sheer exhaustion. There is a good long run to come first. The plot of this farce is very simple. *Mr. Ledger* (Strickland) has bargained, for a money consideration, to marry his ward, *Ellen Woodthorpe* (Miss Cooper), to an old East Indian major. The Yankee is mistaken, for the Nabob discovers the plot, befriends the girl and her lover, and by his possession of the documents (which he finds in the pocket of a dressing gown) compels the consent of the delinquent guardian. But the plot signifies very little. The fun is in the bouncing Americanisms of the dialogue, and in the quiet manner, indescribable twang, shrewd, sly, and self possessed expression of countenance of Mr. Hill. The whole is so subdued as almost to make our recollection of Mathews's *Jonathan* seem a caricature, and yet at the same time to surpass it in the dry richness of quaint humor. This is a novelty in theatrical enjoyment, and we like such *New Notions*. Morning Chronicle.

REVIEW OF THE DERBY AND OAKS FOR 1838.

As the last number of our publication went to press on the eve of Epsom Races, our remarks on them, contained in it, were necessarily prospective; we are now placed in a different position, and are enabled to take a definite, and we trust, a satisfactory view of them, by the unqualified retrospection which is thus presented for disquisitive contemplation. However, in speaking of Epsom Races, our observations in this place will be confined to the Derby and the Oaks, as the consecutive detail of the events of the meeting will be found in another place, with no collateral circumstances attached to any of them (the Derby and the Oaks excepted,) which require further elucidatory exemplification.

Our readers are aware that we entertained a good opinion of Lord Jersey's Phœnix as a racer, because he won the Monday's Riddlesworth (at Newmarket) very easily, but particularly on account of his superior animal conformation; we thought him likely to win the Derby, and expressed such opinion accordingly—in a qualified manner, however, as since the system has been introduced of subjecting the racer to the severity of training, and the desperate struggle of the course at so early a period of life, the young animals, kept in a state of continual excitement, are always very liable to "fly to pieces," in various ways, and to "break down" in particular.

Grey Momus we regarded as an honest horse; he ran successfully at the Goodwood Meeting of last year but was miserably beaten afterwards at Newmarket: we thought him equal to Ion, and the running of the two has proved this opinion to be perfectly correct. When Grey Momus won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket, and beat Bamboo in a match, he became the decided favorite for the Derby; but we unhesitatingly dissented from the notion, general though it might be, which placed him on the pinnacle of dignity in the list of the odds, and stated our conviction that he could not win the Derby. The rate of Grey Momus's powers of progressive motion had been distinctly ascertained, it was found that he could not run a mile in less that one minute and fifty seconds; and therefore it was unreasonable to suppose that amongst the candidates for the Derby one could not be found whose rate of going was superior to that just mentioned. Grey Momus strained every nerve in his race for the Derby, and made a very poor figure—a bad third, beaten a considerable distance by Ion, who ran second.

Amato was a "*dark*" horse, and was kept very snugly in the dark throughout the winter, and indeed up to the moment of starting. He came into the betting list at an early period as an outsider, with the very long odds of 1000 to 15 against him, which was booked several times the first afternoon he was announced as a subject of pecuniary speculation: those who took the odds on this occasion came from Epsom, and we believe were merely agents in the business. We have no doubt the horse had been tried a few days previously, and was found to go well: he continued to "train on" throughout a very long and a very unfavorable winter, during which he was repeatedly tried, and as he continued to improve, on each occasion, those in the secret sent their agent to the Subscription Room, at Hyde Park Corner, and thus again and again accepted the very long odds already mentioned. Amato continued at 1000 to 15 throughout the winter, with trifling, if any, alteration, and was seldom mentioned except when those in the secret made a movement in his favor by accepting the odds, which were always very freely offered. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, owner of Amato (and who resides at Epsom), though a generous supporter of the turf, had not been remarkable for success, and it might seem as if the great bulk of the professed betting-men thought it extremely unlikely indeed, if not impossible, that anything to be dreaded could come from that quarter: we observed a very acute and well-practised professor (of the doctrine of chances) bet 1000 to 15 against this nag three times, and seemed quite snug upon his bargain. A serious aggregate sum was won by those few who supported Amato, which did not include Sir G. Heathcote, if, at least, the report be correct that he never bets.

A very short time before the race for the Derby, Amato rose to 40 to 1; and as some whisperings had crept out respecting his capabilities, he reached 30 to 1 before starting, and probably would have ascended still higher, had it not been ascertained that the Scotts considered Cobham their best horse for the Derby. At starting, Amato stood in the betting as we have stated—Grey Momus the favorite.

When, after some delay at starting, the nags got completely away (two excepted, which were left behind), Grey Momus was leading (for Chapple on Amato hesitated, doubtful of the start), at his best pace, his rider (J. Day) evidently intending to "run it from end to end." Amato went off at the top of his rate, and as Chapple soon perceived that his nag could overstride all his competitors, he forced the running up to Tattenham Corner, where Grey Momus could no longer live the pace; Amato continued his rate of going, but certainly did not increase it, so that though from this point he appeared in advance, it arose from the decline of his opponents; Chapple was now aware that he held the race in his hands, and came home at his ease;—we entertain not the least doubt he could have increased his distance from Ion as he went in. Amato ran the race from end to end—he proved himself much superior to all his opponents. Robinson, on Phœnix, appeared satisfied when he reached Tattenham Corner, that he had no chance, and therefore would not risk the doubtful legs of his nag down the hill.

The Scotts.—We have already observed that the Scotts considered Cobham their best horse for the Derby, but because he did not make a forward figure in the race, insinuations, and, indeed, direct charges, have been made against John and William Scott, of having been actuated by the most sinister and basest motives—unsupported, however, by a shadow of proof. John Scott, the trainer, and his brother William, the jockey, are both men of good sense, and have always been remarkable for their taciturnity in regard to the inmates of their stable; and, by thus keeping their own secrets, they have more than once astonished the turfites by bringing a horse to the starting post, which has very unexpectedly carried off the prize; further, John Scott has been remarkable for procuring a correct knowledge of the racing capabilities of his opponents, and also for placing his own nags with acute tact and judgment; William Scott, it is very well known, will only mount such horses as he thinks proper, and of course is always anxious to appear on the winner; therefore, upon this occasion, when the opinion of the brothers respecting Cobham became known, attended by the confirmatory corolory of Will Scott being to ride him, it was inconsiderately supposed by some that this nag must win; they therefore backed him accordingly, and now complain of having been victimized. We have known the Scotts for a considerable number of years, and we never knew them to be guilty of a dishonest act. We regard them as men of unimpeachable integrity. John Scott is a man who attends to the business of the training stable with the most sedulous and the most unwearied attention; we never saw a person more anxiously watchful over his precarious charge, nor one that brought his nags out in finer condition. It has been stated that Mr. Coombe has removed Cobham from the hands of John Scott, and we can easily believe that this gentleman had estimated the powers of his horse too highly, and still more easily suppose that base insinuations have been poured into his too credulous ear. It appears that Will Scott, finding he had not the slightest chance of winning, with good sense, eased his horse, as did Robinson and many others. While we scorn to allow our pages to be polluted by the pestiferous breath of calumny and detraction, we feel every disposition for disquisitive inquiry; and if it should prove hereafter that the Scotts have acted dishonestly, we shall not fail to inflict on them a very severe, but well deserved, reprehensive castigation; however, for this purpose something more tangible must be set before us than invidious and malignant, but utterly unsupported, insinuation.

We are heartily glad that the Derby of 1838 fell to the lot of Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

The Oaks was carried off contrary to general expectation, or, in other words, by a filly little regarded by betting men. Lord Chesterfield's Industry was trained by John Scott, and jockied by his brother Will: these men were well aware she was the best of their lot, and she proved better than her competitors. Here again an evident disposition has been manifested to reduce or degrade the merits of Industry, because she was trained by one Scott and ridden by the other, by the same parties who so industriously circulated the slander respecting Cobham; and *if's* have been invidiously employed for the purpose of originating doubt and direct suspicion. The matter of Pavis (who rode Calista) striking W. Scott with his whip, seems easy of solution when calmly and candidly considered. Industry hung to Calista (a circumstance common enough in racing) and Pavis, who had made up his mind to win, finding the prize likely to be taken out of his grasp so unexpectedly, in a moment of irritation, committed himself by using his whip in the manner already described. Will Scott acted wisely in not attempting to return so ungracious a salute, as it prevented dispute, and that Scott rode fairly is admitted by those who saw the race, and were capable of forming an accurate opinion.

The Tuesday following Epsom Races, the settling took place in the usual manner, and on the whole went off very well: a few visages might be observed more elongated than usual, and on one countenance which on such occasions is generally lighted up with the smile of exulting satisfaction, gloomy disappointment was observable, and was of course little calculated to console the irksome workings of the mental organs. If some minor accounts remained unliquidated, it was because the unfortunate parties had not the pecuniary resources requisite for their discharge. We are inclined to think some of the higher members of the betting circle, as well as some of the most acute and professed calculators, were severe losers.
The London Sportsman for July.

The Duke de Nemours visited Windsor on *Sunday* morning, and after partaking of a *dejeuner*, we are told by the *Herald* the party returned to town, "his Royal Highness taking the ribands." We infer from this that the Duke has already arrived at what Byron calls "the great end of travel, that is, driving." His Highness should be introduced to the Four-in-hand Club and he might be induced to take a turn with the Taglioni. A Sunday trip to Windsor is a very pretty Sabbath excursion, and almost as pleasant as going to church.
Satirist

SALE OF RACING STOCK.

The following thorough-bred stock was sold at Stockbridge during the races:—

FROM MR. SADLER'S STUD.

	GS.
Lady Stumps (the dam of Delightful, &c.) by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, out of Fanny; covered by Defence	280
Patroness, a bay filly, 3 yrs., by Redgauntlet, out of Patron's dam	70
A chesnut colt, 3 yrs, by Defence, out of Europa	50
A chesnut gelding, 3 yrs, by St. Hubert, d. by Woful—Camarine's d	50
A brown filly, 3 yrs., by Defence, out of Euryone	40
A chesnut colt, 3 yrs., by Defence, out of sister to King of the Valley	30

STUD SALE.

On the 28th of May, the following lots, a portion of Lord Chesterfield's Bretby yearlings, were knocked down by Messrs. Tattersall's hammer, at the prices affixed:—

	GS.
Chesnut Filly, by Priam out of Malibran by Rubens	165
Bay Colt, by Dr. Syntax out of Sarah by Whisker (Sister to Swiss)	80
Bay Filly, by Priam out of Mayflower—not thorough-bred	55
Bay Filly, by Priam out of Dirce by Partisan	42
Chesnut Filly, by Priam out of a Sister to Ainderby (dam of Anchorite)	38
Chesnut Filly, by Priam out of Her Majesty by Velocipede	31
Bay Filly, by Mulatto out of Charity (engaged in the Column Stakes of 1840, 60 sovs. each, h. ft.)	25
Chesnut Filly, by Priam, Zinganee, or Colwick out of Wire	22

HORSES SENT TO RUSSIA.

On the 3d of May last, the following thorough-bred mares were shipped by Mr. Cortes, V. S. of York, for Russia. Some of these mares have greatly distinguished themselves on the Turf, and will be a valuable acquisition to those breeders of race-horses into whose hands they may happen to fall.

Laurel Leaf, by Brutandorf out of Theophania by Walton, covered by Muley Moloch.

Miss Lora, by Lottery out of Britannia by Orville, covered by Muley Moloch.

Vision, by Vanish out of Ultima by Bourbon, covered by St. Nicholas.

Chesnut Mare, by Langar out of Fairy by Woful, covered by Sheet Anchor.

Bay Mare, by Humphrey Clinker out of Wandering Boy's dam, covered by Sheet Anchor.

Bay Mare, by Humphrey Clinker out of Laura by Don Cossack, covered by Worlaby Baylock.

Lady Betty, by Figaro out of Cottage Girl by Thunderbolt, covered by Worlaby Baylock.

Effie, by Catton out of Famine by Sir Solomon, covered by Muley Moloch.

Chesnut Mare, by Malek out of Princess Jemima by Sir Solomon, covered by Muley Moloch.

By one of those mistakes which unavoidably happen in printing, this last mare is entered in the Stud Book as a black mare—an error which we from our own personal knowledge can testify.
London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

SALE OF HUNTERS.

On Monday, May 21, the hunting stud of Mr. R. J. Lambton, was sold at the Lambton Arms, Chester-le street, in the county of Durham. Mr. Wetherell conducted the sale in an excellent manner, and it will be seen that the horses fetched good prices:—

	GS.
The Kitten, by Mac-Orville. Bought by Mr. Wm. Williamson	160
Romance, by President. F. Horn	72
Werner, by Werner, dam by President. Mr. Surtees	80
Richard, by Richard, dam by Young Screveton. Mr. James	72
Composer, by Mozart, dam by Competitor. Mr. Parker	25
Mac-Wright, by Mac-Orville. Mr. Thos. Anderson	75
Bay Mare, by Master Richard, dam by Hambletonian, grandam by Screveton. Mr. Randle Richardson Saunders, of Nunwick Hall, Cumberland	35
The Pony. Mr. Webster	22
Grace, by Blucher. Mr. James	74
Victory, by Conqueror, dam by Brown-Bread. Lord Durham	66
Tommy. Mr. Waron	63
Parker, by Mozart. Mr. Coates	31
Bay Mare, by Agricola. Mr. Harvey	61
Little Goose, by Abjer, out of Mother Goose by Arun. Mr. Stockdale	51
Brown mare by Mac-Orville. Mr. Wm. Williamson	48
Sedgefield, by Egremont. Jas. Townsend	18
Dan, by Woldsmam, dam by Ruler. Mr. Smith	16
Grey Horse, by Lory, dam by Sir H. Dimsdale (thorough-bred). Mr. White	70
Grey Horse, by Grey Werter, dam by Old Androssan. Mr. Marshall	65
White-Bait, by Vespasian. Mr. C. Ogle	20
Brown Mare, by Blacklock. Mr. H. J. Spearman	16
Mr Lambton's Summer Hack. Mr Metcalf	38

The whole amounted to 1,178 guineas, averaging about 53 guineas each.
The London Sportsman for July.

LITERARY LICENSE.

Lord Rack-land hied him from the moor,
Upon an Autumn day,
And, pausing at a tenant's door,
He thus was heard to say:—

"Good day! nice pointer this you've got!
A handsome setter that!
I see your gun suits the crack shot;
Your neighbors call you Pat!

Money must go for things like these,
And so, d'ye see, I've sent
To tell my agent, Lawyer Squeeze,
That he must raise your rent."

"My Lord," quoth Pat, "'tis kindly meant,
And kindly taken too;
I'm glad you'll make Squeeze *raise my rent*,
'Tis more than *I* can do!'
J. W. C.

THE CIRCASSIAN HORSE.

The Circassian horse, who is here called a "Tshii," is a prime favorite with his owner. In elegance of make, beauty of figure, and suppleness of limb, he is in no ways inferior to the Arabian; from his peculiar kind of training and the peculiar character of the country, I know no other of his kind who is a match for him in enduring fatigue and privations, or sure-footedness in traversing a precipitous line of territory. When the Circassian first breaks in his horse, he begins by throwing a halter round his neck, and draws it so tight that one should infer it was his intention to strangle him. In this state the animal is dragged round and round until he is almost exhausted, or at least till his courage is supposed to be sufficiently cooled down; he is ridden and exercised for a short time, and in a few days becomes as docile and obedient to his master as a dog. It would not be easy to name any part of the world where the horse is better treated, nor can any one be more skilful in managing him than the Circassian. His secret seems to consist in treating kindly on all occasions; no blow is ever given him, and the consequence is that he is always full of mettle and playfulness, and, to all seeming, more delighted to obey, than afraid of disobeying his master. Part of his acquirements is to swim, and attain adroitness in every little art which may assist his master in mountain warfare; in fact, he ultimately becomes as keen and cunning, particularly in escaping pursuers, as if he had borrowed his master's wits. I have frequently seen a Circassian lay himself down at his owner's feet, and lie as still as if he had been shot dead, while the owner concealed himself behind him, or stand as motionless as a gun-rest, while his master laid his piece upon his head, took aim, and fired it off. It is incredible the complete perception which the horse here acquires of every word his master says to him; and whatever our boasted civilization may have made us, we are wretchedly behind the simple-hearted Circassian in the science of treating a horse, as well as in securing his instant obedience by affectionate conduct towards him. No wonder that it should be a rare occurrence to meet with a vicious animal in Circassia. The horses, which are bred from their earliest age in a farm yard, are so gentle that the very children play with them, and as soon as they are fit for use, they allow a man to mount and ride them without scarcely the necessity for applying any violent means of breaking them.
From private notes in the London Sportsman.

Ventillating Hat for Shooting, with a Sliding Shutter.

Take any light beaver or felt hat, and make, with a wadding punch, four, six, or eight holes in its circumference, and about half an inch from the top. You need not use a hammer; let your punch be sharp, and then if you support the felt inside with the ends of the thumb and three fingers of your left hand, and hold the punch firmly and pretty low down with the thumb and forefinger-knuckle of the right, twisting it backwards and forwards, and pressing steadily all the while, the hat will be speedily cut through. So much for ventillation.

Now for your shutter. Get an old hat of the same color, as large or larger in the crown, and out of its circumference cut a ring or hoop, an inch and quarter, or so, in width. If it chances to fit *inside* the crown of your ventillator, so as just to slide up and down, your job is done; if not, and it be too large, cut it across, and place it in the ventillator's crown with its cut ends one overlapping the other, and while held firm in that position, mark with a pen or pencil the extent of the overlapping—cut off the superfluous part, and then, if you have done your work well, it will exactly fit the *hat*-crown and only wants the two ends joining—which you will effectually do by glueing a small piece of felt, or pasteboard, over the joint *inside*—to be as good a sliding-shutter as if it had not been cut. Slipping it downwards, you open your air-holes, either entirely or in part; slipping it upwards, you close them. You will meet sometimes a man whose wide-open eyes tell you plainly of bullets he supposes to have passed through your head-gear; but *n'importe*, he will respect you "for the dangers you have past," and your head will be cool with the thermometer at 100.
Thomas Trigger.

P.S. Be so good as to make my compliments to Colonel Hawker when you next see him.
London (New) Sporting Mag for July.

GALLERY OF CELEBRATED SPORTING CHARACTERS.

CHARLES CAVENLISH GREVILLE, ESQ.

Mr. Greville, as a sporting character, is as justly entitled to a place in our gallery as he is, in his official capacity of Clerk of her Majesty's Privy Council, to the place which he occupies in Sir David Wilkie's painting of the Queen's first Council, now exhibiting at the Royal Academy. Whether Sir David Wilkie or our artist has succeeded best in the likeness, we leave such of our readers as know Mr. Greville, and have seen Sir David's picture, to decide for themselves.

Mr. Greville's first appearance on the turf, as the owner of race horses, was, we believe, in 1821; and so highly was his judgment in turf matters esteemed, even in what might be considered *his trial years—Lehre-jahre*, as the Germans say—that in 1822, his Royal Highness the Duke of York committed the management of his stud to his care on the retirement of Mr. Warwick Lake; and from 1828 to the time of his lordship's decease in November last, we believe that the late Earl of Egremont's stable was chiefly under his direction. Since the time of his *debut* till the present year, scarcely any gentleman's name occurs more frequently in the Racing Calendar, and there is no one whose career on the turf has been more uniform; he is not to be found in one year with a long string of horses, and in the next with only a single nag—playing alternately "rocket and stick;" but in every year occurs as the owner of a lot, respectable in point of numbers at least, if not particularly distinguished as winners. In this respect, however, Mr. Greville has not much cause to complain. He has gained a tolerably fair proportion of prizes; and did not the *racy* Mango win him the St. Leger last year, both at Doncaster and Newmarket?

Mr. Greville is descended from the noble family of Greville, Earls of Brooke and Warwick, and is a near relation of the nobleman now in the enjoyment of those titles. A report was prevalent a few months ago that Mr. Greville intended to retire from the turf, but we hope that it is unfounded. He is an excellent judge of racing, but is not so partial to the sport as he was a few years ago. Mr. Greville is an honorable sportsman, an accomplished gentleman, and a good scholar,—rather *bookish* we believe; and one of his reasons for paying less attention to the turf than formerly is, that it "interferes with his reading."
London (New) S. Mag. for July.

CAN FISHES FEEL?

Fly-fishing is exempt from the principal drawbacks attendant on the other modes of angling. In the first place, the charge of cruelty cannot with any justice attach to it. The fly-fisher tortures no insect, no reptile, no living animal, in pursuing his recreation. He uses artificial baits; and even the charge, that the fish he kills is put to unnecessary torture, cannot be thoroughly substantiated.—Sir Humphrey Davy, a great authority on any point that relates to the organization of fishes says, and we entirely agree with him, that "it cannot be doubted but that the nervous system of fish and cold blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartillagious part of the mouth where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great, is found in the circumstance that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; having apparently learnt only from the experiment that the artificial fly is not the proper kind of food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seem to have no other effect than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind." Nothing can be said to beat down this argument, based as it is on absolute fact, unless, indeed, some one have recourse to a subterfuge of this nature, that he admits the facts recorded, but that they do not prove the non-suffering of the hooked fish, since the cravings of appetite may be so great as to overpower the acuteness of external pain. We can ourselves, by the statement of a fact that occurred to us last summer, destroy completely the above supposition.

We were fishing on an afternoon, at the Wier, a little to the south of Sawley bridge, on the Trent, and lost, in consequence of a flaw in an old gut casting-line, the whole of it, with the exception of a link or so. We lost our three flies, and all by a small chub of less than a pound weight. From the way the fish were rising, sluggishly and slowly, we were certain that the pangs of appetite had little to do with their mounting towards our flies, and having gone to another part of the river, and returned in about half an hour to where we lost the line, we hooked and killed with a red tackle—the sort of fly it had taken before—the identical chub that had so short a time previously snapped our gut, having the red hackle tail-fly stuck right through the under-jaw, and the other flies and line entangled loosely round his body.

Obligations to Literature.—The facetious Thomas Hood says, "I will here place on record my own obligations to literature, a debt so immense, as not to be cancelled, like that of nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift, early in life upon the great waters, as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy, afloat in the turtle shell—if I did not come to shipwreck, it was that in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like the ancient mariner, by guardian spirits—"each one a lovely light'—who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health, and a natural love of reading happily threw me, instead of worse society into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages, to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors—who often do more than fathers and always more than god-fathers for our temporal and spiritual interests—from such monitors—no importunate tutors, teasing mentors, moral task masters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers—but delightful associates, I learned something of the divine, and more of the human religion.

They were my interpreters in the beautiful house of God, and my guide among the delectable mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of indigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, bewildered doubts—when those bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness, like a new creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory,—the past for a moon, and the future for a sun:—

Hence have I genial seasons—hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought;
And thus, from day to day, my little boat
Rocks in its harbor—lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise—
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days!
T. Hood.

A Literary Character.—One morning, during the "rabid stage" of the late "pressure," while looking over some new publications, in the fashionable *magasin* of one skilled in bibliography, there enters a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who from crown to heel bore the marks of a decayed gentleman. He looked as if he had been "spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump."

"Sir," said he, bowing condescendingly to the shopman, and speaking with studied precision of diction, "you see before you an unfortunate individual—one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

—— "In want of ready rhino,
Like many hereabout that you,
And some, perhaps, that I know."

Permit me, therefore, my dear sir, to ask *could* you oblige me with the *loan* of a fip?"

"No, sir, I '*could*' not!" replied the shopman sarcastically.

"Ah!" responded the solicitor, "I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough in Philadelphia, but——nothing like it—nothing *like* it. I feel for you," he added, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air, upon his breast, "I feel for you all!"

He mused for a moment, then extending his arm, and flourishing the tattered remnant of a pocket handkerchief, he continued—

"What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank laws, sub-treasury, and so forth? To ruin, sir—to utter ruin! Man, as the English Grammar very correctly observes, is a verb. Our government, the body corporate, is the verb *to be!—to do!* And we, the people, sir, of this great and glorious country, are the miserable passive verb, *to suffer!*"

"Shade of Cicero!" thought we; such eloquence would shame the oratory of our *Eagle of the North!*"

"Sir," said the shopman, "I have no time to attend to you. You will oblige me by leaving the store"

"Oh certainly!"

And he retired accordingly.
Knickerbocker.

When Lord Hill in his preliminary communications with the Queen on the subject of the review, stated that on her reaching the ground, the whole line would *present arms*, she very innocently asked if she should *return* them!

Death of Daponte.—Signor Lorenzo Daponte, being a resident of this city, died here on Friday, at the advanced age of 90. His celebrated Opera, written for Mozart, has given him a name all over the world. The *Sunday Morning News* states that he was a Venetian, and native of *Ceneda*, educated for the church, and afterwards, from his fine poetic talents and passion for music, that he became a prominent person in the court of the Emperor, Joseph II., of Austria. Under his special protection, he formed a close friendship with the celebrated Mozart, which led to the production of these admired Operas, Giovanni, Marriage of Figaro, &c., in which the poetry of Daponte is no less eternized by its own beauties than by the divine music in which it is embalmed. After the decease of Mozart, who died in his friend Daponte's arms, the poet went to London, and there for years was intimately associated with the early efforts to introduce an Italian Opera. From thence Signor Daponte came to America, where he has resided 32 years, chiefly in this city, and to his indefatigable exertions, commanding talents and personal literary attainments, are we mainly indebted for the taste every where diffused in our country for the musical language of his native land. He has been the Cadmus to whom we owe an unpayable debt for these inappreciable gifts.—His memory will endure: for both his native and adopted country have been honored by his disinterested labors and passionate devotion to the arts which he cultivated. As a Latin and Hebrew scholar he had perhaps no equal or superior here.
Express.

Ex-Sheriff Parkins.—Poor old Sheriff Parkins! With all his outrageous follies, I cannot help admiring him. What a noble fellow must have been the man of which he is now the wreck. He would work like a beaver to procure the release of other prisoners, and in many cases of debt he accomplished it. He was also in the habit of manufacturing soups for prisoners' breakfast every morning. He turned out at 4 A. M., summer and winter to do this, from the remains of the preceding day's food. He made his own candle-mould, and run his own candles from the fat of the prison messes. He kept some one or more of the better sort of prisoners as chums in his apartment, one as an amanuensis, and would lie on his flock bed and dictate with as much dignity as if he were in a palace. The old gentleman is now residing in New Jersey, a friend having given him the occupation of a house and furniture. He keeps in fine spirits, and his iron frame at seventy-two, is as hale as that of many a man of fifty. He is by no means in indigent circumstances, though while in prison, letters and remittances failed to reach him; not, however, from any interference of the officers of the prison. As long as I have said so much of him, it may be well enough to mention the cause of his confinement. It was in contempt of the Chancery Court, by whom he was directed to remain in prison, or surrender certain papers. He *never* surrendered them. The Sheriff has more than once offered him his liberty, but could not give him a discharge, of course; and he refused to budge from prison, until after five years residence there, a Chancery order came for his release.
Correspondent Boston Trans.

The State of "Ontario."—The New-York Gazette gives a strong vote in favor of aboriginal names, in preference to the eternal re-christening after places in the Old Country, which unfortunately was so prevalent with the god-fathers of our geography. We are proud of the Gazette's co-operation in this matter, and fully agree in the opinion, that if New-York had been called, or should hereafter be called, the *State of Ontario*, it would bear the finest name in the Union. It is the grandest State, why should it be cursed with the meanest name? The Gazette says:—

"The largest city on the continent, and destined, we doubt not, to be the largest city in the world, must be doomed for ages to be called *New* York, though it is already five times as important as *Old* York—a city that we would not disparage for half the money spent annually at Doncaster, but which has no more pretensions to give us a name than the Duke of York—when there happens to be another one—will have to be our Governor, when we turn out Mr. Marcy. The name was well enough when Col. Nicholl drove off the Dutch dynasty, and remained well enough while we were a colony of England, but it is derogatory to use it now, and we wish the suggestion of the Daily Advertiser might be adopted. If such a thing could occur, our State would have the merit of bearing the finest name of any in the whole twenty-six."

"*Great Men* are raised up by Providence, and *not* by accident; by Heaven, and not by a mere concurrence of circumstances, to meet the exigencies of *great* events, of great commotions, and of great changes. We were much pleased lately with the observation of a French authoress of distinction. She said: 'it is always the same man.' Her meaning was this: It is always a powerful agent; always a master mind; always a man far above his fellows; always some one who has the science of government; who adapts his measure to the peculiar circumstances in which he is placed; who takes a comprehensive, and yet clear and distinct view of all that surrounds him; and who, in one word, is '*the*' man for the moment, and apparently the *only* man. This is the distinctive and precise character affixed by Heaven on its agents. There is nothing of doubt in their purposes, or of feebleness in their movements. They have a task to perform, a duty to accomplish, an end to attain; and they invariably succeed, because they are special and consecrated agents.

An amusing anecdote is told of John Law, the celebrated financial projector, which exemplifies in some degree the acumen and boldness for which he afterwards became conspicuous, and which we are inclined to believe, has never been in print. In his youth, he had an appointment in the service of the East India Company, and by one of those accidents, not unusual in that part of the world—the death of several of his superiors in rank—he found himself the Governor of a province, ruling the destinies of thousands with despotic sway. The native lawyers were noted for the ingenuity with which they mystified every case brought before him, a decision on the merits of the question being impossible, so completely did they weave the web of sophistry and chicane. Perplexed almost to despair, he bethought himself of an expedient shocking to professional ears, and announced his intention of tying up and flogging the lawyers whenever he could not understand a case. The perspicuity of the pleading was now wonderful; truth was brought forward in her naked simplicity, dripping from the well, and his decisions were thenceforward as remarkable for their correctness as the arguments for their brevity. A future amendment of the Constitution may make use of this.
N. York Amer.

The Honorable Mrs. Norton has, we understand, nearly completed her essay on *Lambe's Tales.*

A Simile from Greece (grease.)—Lord F. married his cook. On their bridal day it rained tremendously: the coachman and his attendant sprites were wet through "Ah!" said a wag, "all quite in character—there's nothing but *dripping* wherever she goes."

Castlereagh's *billet doux* to "the singing woman" was sent under cover to her maid, and the bearer was in the act of delivering it into the hands of the *confidante* at the very moment that her husband was going out. Suspecting all was not right, he seized the note, and thus the explosion took place.

"How can I communicate with Lady Fitzroy Somerset?" asked the Duke of Cambridge of the military Secretary; "for she is so deaf that I cannot make her understand me." "*Write down what you want* replied the lady's husband, "and I will be the bearer of your Royal Highness's commands." This, for obvious reasons, the Duke declined to do.

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE, Ky.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to be run Spring 1839; sub. $500, ft. $100; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now 6 subs., viz:

Y. N Oliver,	M. W. Dickey,	D. Stockton,
W. T Ward,	J. K. Duke,	Wm Buford.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Spring 1840; sub. $1000, ft $250; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan 1839 Now 4 subs.

D. Stockton,	Y. N, Oliver,
A. C. Antill,	M W. Dickey.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Fall 1841; sub. $500, ft $150; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839. Now 2 subs.

Y. N Oliver,	Charles Buford.

4. Produce Stake for colts foaled Spring 1839, to run Spring 1842; sub. $500, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839. Now 8 subs.

Y. N Oliver,	W. T. Ward,	G E Blackburn,	T G Moore,
S P Blackburn,	G. E. Blackburn,	D. Stockton,	M. W. Dickey.

Louisville, Ky., Aug 16, 1838.—[A25-3] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course Fall 1838:

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds. sub $500, ft. $200; Two mile heats. To name and close 10th Sept. Four or more to make a race.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race, sub. $200, h. ft; Mile heats. To close as above. Four or more to make a race.

To each of the above stakes there are 2 subs.

Philadelphia. Aug. 23 1838. [A25] W. N FRIEND. *Proprietor*

WARRENTON (N. C.) FALL RACES.

WILL commence over the Cottage Course on the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct., and continue four days.

First day—A Colt Sweepstakes of 5 subs. at $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $200, ent $20. added Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent $40, added, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Colt Stake, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, to carry 3 yr. old weights; sub. $100, h. ft.; One mile To close 1st Oct. Three or more to make a race.

The Cottage Course, near Warrenton, N. C., is one of the most beautiful courses in this country, and is now being fitted up in a style that will ensure the approbation of all who may favor the Proprietor with their company at the ensuing Meeting. The mineral water in the neighborhood of Warrenton generally attracts many of the fashionables—a most glorious place to taper off, after a visit to the Mountain Springs—from whence they are hurried by the cold breezes, too early in the season to approach their bilious homes and where rightful examples have been set of true American liberty by one of her worthiest sons Nathl. Macon,—a star of such brilliancy, no matter how low it may remain in the escutcheons of the country, cannot be obscured. JAMES J. HARRISON.

Warrenton, Aug. 24, 1838.—[S1-6t]

RACING AND BREEDING STUD FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to quit the Turf, I will sell at moderate prices, and on liberal credits, my entire stock of Blood Horses, consisting of the following Racers, Brood Mares, and Colts:—

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Miracle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
The four named above are now in training on Long Island.
African, bl. h., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda by Marshal Bertrand.
Bonny Black, bl. m., 5 yrs., by Imp. Valentine, out of Helen Mar by Rattler.
Ethiopia, bl. f., 4 yrs., by Dashall, out of Lady Morgan's dam, by Imp. Expedition.
The three above are now in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, at St. Louis, Missouri.

COLTS AND FILLIES.

Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Despair, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Lady Jackson by Eclipse.
Florence, ch. f., 1 yr., by Henry, out of Floranthe, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
——— ch. c., 2 yrs., by Henry, out of Romp.

BROOD MARES.

Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham, with a colt foal at her foot by Imp. Trustee; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Cora, ch. m., 6 yrs., own sister to Medoc, (by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition—Maid of the Oaks by Imp. Shark.) Stinted to Imp. Glencoe.
Clara Howard, b. m., 6 yrs., by Imp. Barefoot, out of Imp. Alarm by Thunderbolt. She has a foal at her foot, I believe, though I am not certain. She is stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam), with a filly foal at her foot, by Imp. Trustee, and stinted to Imp. Trustee.

New York, Aug. 1, 1838—[A4-tf] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD. Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump.*

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Test Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Four mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, at Hoboken, N. J., opposite the city of New York, will take place the second week in October, being the week succeeding the meeting on the Union Course.

The following Sweepstakes for the first meeting over this course are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50; Two mile heats. To close on the 25th Sept. next

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, P. P. Mile heats. To close 25th Sept next.

[A18] ALEX L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Occident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch. c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f. Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr.,	names the get of		Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton	"	"	Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore	"	"	Sparrowhawk.
Y. N Oliver	"	"	Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas. L. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn	Wm. Buford, Jr	E. M. Waggener	M. W. Dickey.

PURSES

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse	$1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's "	700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value	500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville. June 25, 1838. [J27]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a side, 100lbs on each, Three mile heats, between John P White's gr g *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged. James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

GREENSBORO' (Ala) J. C. FALL RACES.

THE RACES will commence over the *Henry Course*, on the last Tuesday, 30th Oct., and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, h ft. Two mile heats. To name and close by the 1st of October next. Now one subscriber, and several more are daily expected.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent $20, free for all ages; Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200, h. ft Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Oct. next.

Same day—Post Stake for all ages (weight for age); sub. $200, P.P. Two mile heats. Now two subs.

Fifth day—Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open, to be run Springs 1839, 1841, 1842, and Fall 1842:—

1. Sweepstakes to be run Spring 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; sub. $500, ft $200. Mile heats. To name and close by 1st Feb. next.

Wm. H Leland. | Albert Jackson.

2. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $300. h ft. To name and close 1st Jan. next. Now five subs

3. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839. to run Spring 1842; sub. $500 h. ft. Mile heats.—The same colts are to run the following Fall, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe names produce of Howa and Mingo.
John Nichols names produce of Columbia Taylor and Wild Bill.
A. Jackson names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
Daniel Gray names produce of Black Polly and Stockholder.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, *Proprietors*

Greensboro', Ala., July 18, 1838.—[A4]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

St LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES,

OVER the Sulphur Spring Course, will commence on Monday, 1st Oct., and continue six days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft. Three mile heats. Now 3 subs.
Second Day—Proprietor's Purse $100, Mile heats.
Same Day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Mile heats. Now 4 subs.
Third Day—Proprietor's Purse $200, Two mile heats.
Same Day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.
Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $50, for a Foot Race; One mile.
Sixth Day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, h. ft. Two Mile heats. Now 3 subs.
Same Day—The proprietor will give a beautiful Red Cloth Horse Dress, with Rollers, &c., and a splendid Set of Silver Table and Tea Spoons, valued at $100. Mile heats.

The money for each day's race will be hung up in front of the Judges Stand.

All members will be presented with the Rules and Regulations of the Club, when they receive their badge.

As the Purses are larger than have ever been run for before in this Western World, it is an inducement for gentlemen who have stables of horses to come and join our sports. The stands will be put in good order, and the track graded in the best manner

Stables and litter free of expense during the race week, and every attention will be paid to those who visit the Sulphur Spring Course, by their humble servant.

[A25] P. C. BUSH. *Proprietor.*

JEFFERSON (Va.) FALL RACES.

THE Races over the Jefferson Jockey Club Course will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 17th Oct.

PURSES.

Three mile heats	$350
Two mile heats	200
Mile heats, best 3 in 5	150

☞ The money will be hung up in the stand each day, ready for the victor

During the week, the following Sweepstakes, which close on 1st Sept., will be run, there being no doubt that each will be filled:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. $50; single dash of Two miles. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, sub. $50, h. ft; dash of One mile.

Subscribers to the Stakes will address [A25-3t] WILLIAM MOORE.

FREDERICKSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the Mulberry Course, at Fredericksburg, will commence the 4th Tuesday in October next.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to be run the last day of the meeting, sub. $200, h. ft,; Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Oct. next.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries, will direct to Mr. Turner H. Ramsey, Fredericksburg, Va. [S1] THE PROPRIETOR.

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THESE Races will commence on the 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept., and continue four days;—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

First day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse	$100
Second day—Two mile heats,	200
Third day—Three mile heats	400
Fourth day—Four mile heats	600

By order of the Jockey Club. [Jy28-7t]

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Third day—Purse $250, ent $25, Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE. *President.*

[Jy28] S BUCKNER, *Sec'y pro tem.*

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn.	Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison.	Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats............ $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse Three mile heats............ 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats............ 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5......... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[apl21] F. K. W.

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED. 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c &c. &c.

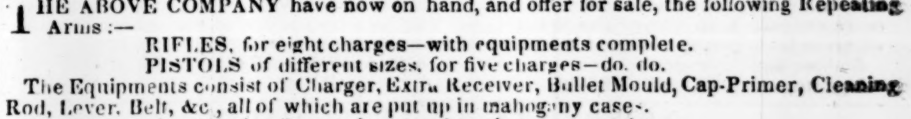
A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROAD-WAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.



THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, games and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [n5]

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, July 16, 1838.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election of this State, to be held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected.

I hereby give you notice that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Coe S. Downing, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next. JOHN A. DIX, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

N.B. The inspectors of election in the several wards in your city and county, will give notice of the election of four representatives to Congress from the Third Congressional District.—They will also give notice of the election of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in county offices which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

JACOB ACKER, Sheriff of the city and county of New York.

Sheriff's Office, July 28, 1838.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and immediately after send their bills to the Sheriff's office. [A18-13N]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" "	Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*. Fall meeting.
BALTIMORE, Md.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
" "	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
BATESVILLE, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
BROAD ROCK, Va.	Tree Hill Course, J. C Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CAMDEN, N. J.	Opposite Philadelphia, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
CAMDEN, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 5th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Ga.	Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
CHARLESTOWN, Va.	Jefferson County Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
CINCINNATI, Ohio.	First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CULPEPER C. H., Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
" " "	Match, $1000 aside, 3 m. heats, *Dandy* vs *Klapper*, Monday, Sept. 17.
CROSS KEYS, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
CYNTHIANA, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
CHILLICOTHE, Ohio.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
" "	Sweepstakes of 6 subs. at $100 each, 2 mile h., Saturday, 13th Oct.
" "	Sweepstakes of 3 subs. at $200 each, Tuesday, 30th Aug.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.	Woodlawn Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept
DRESDEN, Tenn.	Social Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
FAIRFIELD, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
FRANKLIN, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th Oct
FORT SMITH, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
FAYETTEVILLE, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
GREENVILLE, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
GREENSBURG, Ky.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
GEORGETOWN, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
GALLATIN, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
GREENSBORO', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
HUNTING PARK, Pa.	Philadelphia Co., Racing and Trotting meeting, Tuesday, 25th Sept.
IRWINTON, Ala.	Harrison Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.
INDEPENDENCE, Mo.	Match $500 aside, 2 m h, *Beck* vs *Rufus King*, Thursday, 11th Oct.
" "	Match, $500 aside, M. h., *Capt. Bustard* vs. *Jim Crow*, Friday, Oct. 12.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 26th Sept.
JEFFERSON CO., Miss.	Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LANCASTER, Pa.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
LAFAYETTE, Ind.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th Oct.
LEXINGTON, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct. Same meeting,
" "	Match, $1500 a side, $500 ft., and $500 bye, Mile h. Mr. L Berkley's Argyle and Bertrand f., vs. the choice of 4 in L. K. Grigsby's stable.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, 2 m. h., Get of *Bertrand* vs. Get of *Medoc*, 2d Oct.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, 2 m heats, *Hawk-eye* vs. *Betsey Baker*, 2d Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MAYSVILLE, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
MARION, Mo.	Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
MEMPHIS, Tenn.	Glencoe Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 5th Nov.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NEWPORT, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th Sept.
NEW IBERIA, La.	Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " "	Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY.	Union Course, L. I., J. C. First Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
" " "	" " " Second Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., First Fall meeting, 2d week in Oct.
" " "	" " " Second Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov.
" " "	" " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " "	" " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept 26.
" " "	Centreville Course, L. I., *Trotting* Sweepstakes, 1st or 2d week in Oct.
" " "	" " First Trotting Club Fall meeting, about last Oct.
NEWBERRY, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov.
NOTTOWAY, Va.	Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
NORFOLK, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
OPELOUSAS, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
" "	Sweepstakes, 3 subs at $200 each, 1 mile, Wednesday, 7th Nov.
PALMYRA, Mo.	Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
PETERSBURG, Tenn.	Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
PETERSBURG, Va.	Newmarket Course J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
ST. LOUIS, Mo.	Sulphur Spring Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 1st Oct.
" " "	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Monday, 24th Sept.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C.	Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
SOUTHAMPTON, Va.	Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
TREE HILL, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo.	Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
TERRE HAUTE, Ind.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
THREE RIVERS, L. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
TUSCALOOSA, Ala.	Mount Airy Course, Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Dec.
UPPER MARLBORO', Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
VAN BUREN, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th Oct.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.
WARRENTON SP'GS, Va.	Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
WARRENTON, N. C.	Cottage Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct.

An American Judge.—There he sot, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, looking as sour as an unripe lemon.—"Bring up them culprits," said he, and when they were brought up, he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sit in the outer porch of darkness, and not high intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace," said he, "to our great nation and I hope I shall never hear the like of it again. If I do I'll put you on your trial as sure as you are born. I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if I don't."—*Sam Slick.*

A book has been recently published entitled "Intermarriage," in which, among other important things, the author points out the "surest means of determining the parentage of children." This becoming known to Londonderry he the other day made an attempt to trace the *paternity* of his own children, and succeeded so far as to leave it no longer a matter of doubt as to whose account to charge the little innocents. The Marquis applied himself so zealously to the unravelment of the mystery, that before the completion of the task he was seized with such violent pains in his head as to leave him for some time in a partial state of insensibility. His lady consoled him by a severe reprimand for being too curious on subjects that so little concerned him!

NEW RACES,

OVER THE HARRISON COURSE, Irwinton Ala.—The races over the above course will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 23d Oct. next.

PURSES.

First day—Mile heats,	$150
Second day—Two mile heats,	300
Third day—Three mile heats	400
Fourth day—Four mile heats	600
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,	300

The Jockey Club of this Course met at the Exchange, in the Club Room of this town, and proceeded regularly to the appointment of officers. On motion made and seconded, Dr. BENJAMIN J. HARRISON was unanimously elected President of said Club; Col. J. W. A. PETTIT and Col. ISAAC FORT, Vice Presidents; and Mr. JOHN R. FORT, Secretary and Treasurer.

This Club is now regularly organized, and the prospects for good sport flattering. The patrons of the Turf in our sister States, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and even the Old Dominion should give us a call. We promise them every thing in the way of convenience and luxury that a new and flourishing country can afford, and a good beating, too, if we can. The proprietor expects them to give him a chance to do all this, and every thing more necessary, to add to the spirit of the Turf in this portion of the *moral vineyard*, wherein he hopes, ere long, to see the spirit of racing in its acme

Stables and litter gratis. CRAWFORD SPROWL, Proprietor.
Irwinton, Aug. 18, 1838.—[S8-4t] JOHN R. FORT, Sec'y & Treas'r.

NEWBERRY (S. C.) FALL RACES,

OVER the Newberry Jockey Club Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 6th Nov. next, and continue four days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $10, Mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $15, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse ——, ent. $20, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—The entrance money of that and the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

During the week the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 6 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Closed with 3 subs.

The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, to run Fall meeting, 1839, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Oct., 1839. Three or more to make a race. Now 2 subs.

Myers & Henderson. | P. E. Duncan.

2. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1837, to run Fall meeting 1840; sub. $100, h. ft.; Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close Fall meeting, 1839. Now 5 subs.

Maj. J. D. Williams, | P. E. Duncan, | H. Smith.
Myers & Henderson, | Thos. B. Osbourn, |

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1836, to run Fall meeting 1839; sub. $200, h. ft.; Mile heats; to name and close Fall meeting, 1838; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs.

Maj. Wm Eddins, | P. E. Duncan.

4. A Produce Stakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Fall meeting 1841; sub. $200, h. ft.; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st Feb. 1839; 3 or more to make a race. Now one sub.

Myers & Henderson name produce of Imp. Rowton and a Pacolet mare.

I have no hesitation in saying that all the above stakes will be made up, as there are a number of subscribers already promised to most of them, and for some of them a large field of fine thorough-breds will contend.

Our track is now undergoing repairs, and when completed, will be one of the very best in the upper country; neither will our purses be contemptible.

[S8] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

ARABIAN STALLION FOR SALE.

THE beautiful full blooded Arabian Stallion, OMBARK (in English *Incomparable*,) was imported into New York by Capt. JAMES RILEY, from Swearah, Africa, in the brig *America*, 1836.

DESCRIPTION.

Ombark is a jet black, with a few scattering white hairs in his coat (which is soft and smooth like velvet), on close inspection. He is 15 hands and 1 inch high, is 6 feet 11 inches long from ears to the root of the tail, girths 5 feet 6 inches, circumference of upper joint of fore leg 18 inches, of the knee joint 12 inches, pastern joint 10 inches; and weighs 856 lbs. He has a fine head, bright eyes, and wide nostrils, small ears, a beautiful shoulder well set back, elegant neck, long round slender body, clean limbs, black flowing mane and tail, resembling a Southern race horse, and a natural trotter. His whole form and appearance is considered by judges to be strong and symmetrically beautiful.

Ombark was bred in the country of Oled el Tedlah, by *Bashaw Cidi Ben*. Aled Allah South of the Atlas Mountains, near Tunis Eel Gaarb, and from the purest and most celebrated Arabian blood. His Arabian pedigree is very long, and has been translated into English to go with the horse, when sold. He is a good stallion, and believed to be very swift.

He will be sold on the Four mile day of the Second Fall Meeting of the New York Jockey Club, on the Union Course, L. I., which commences on the 30th Oct.

New York, Sept. 6, 1838. [S8] JAMES RILEY.

SWEEPSTAKES—Warrenton Springs, Va.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Course at the Warrenton Springs, commencing on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next. Three or more subscribers to make a race. To close 1st Sept.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
Second day—Sweepstakes for all ages, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, raised and owned in the Counties of Orange, Madison, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Fanquier, Prince William, Fairfax, and Loudon, and west of the Blue Ridge; sub. $100 h. ft.; Mile heats.
Third day—Post Stakes; sub. $50; One mile. To close 10th Sept.
Same day—Post Stake, sub. $500, Four miles; to close 10th Sept.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, without charge, Four mile heats. The Proprietors guarantee the purse.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries to either of the above stakes, will please communicate with the subscriber at the Springs, in person or by letter.

The course is an excellent one, laid out principally on elevated lands of the Rappahannock. Stables and a training ground on a sandy flat adjoining the course, furnished gratis There is transportation by steamboat and rail roads from North and South, to within 40 miles of the Springs. H. LEE, Agent of the Company,

Warrenton Springs, Aug. 4, 1838.

Purses Increased!!

IN ADDITION to the purse of $1000, and the various Sweepstakes heretofore advertised to be run for on the 18th Sept. next, over the course at the Warrenton Springs, the following purses will be offered, free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

First day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Second day—Purse $200, Two mile heats.
Third day—Purse $300, Three mile heats.
Fifth day—A Saddle and Bridle will be offered to be run for by untried horses, a dash of One mile. H. LEE, Agent of the Company.

Warrenton Springs, Sept. 1, 1838. [S8]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ADDITIONAL PURSES.—The Proprietor of the Cincinnati Jockey Club Race Course, having understood that a very large number of fine horses will be brought to their races, which commence on the last Tuesday in Sept. next, on their elegant new course, have determined, in order to ensure extraordinary sport, and to give ample remuneration to those gentlemen who may bring fine horses from a distance, to offer the following *Additional Purses* to the very large ones heretofore announced.

Post Stake of $50 each, to which the Proprietors will add $100, Mile heats; 2d best horse to receive back his stake.

Post Stakes of $25 each, to which the Proprietors will add $100; One mile; to come off the Three mile day. *This purse is given to try the speed of our horses.*

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to come off the 2d day; sub. $100, h. ft.; to name and close 20th Sept. Now 2 subs, viz: M. Beach and Geo. N. Sanders.

GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*
Cincinnati, Aug. 22, 1838.—[S8-3t].

THOROUGH-BRED STALLION FOR SALE.

HE was sired by Rob Roy, (Col. Singleton's, of South Carolina,) and his dam was out of a fine Gallatin mare by Imp. Leviathan. He measures about 16 hands, and will be five years old next May. As his owner is about sailing for Europe he will be sold low. He may be seen at the stable of William Robinson, Esq., at Tuscaloosa, Ala. For further particulars apply (if by letter, post paid,) to THOMAS CUMMINGS, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sept. 3, 1838.—[S8-9t]

FOR SALE,

A VERY Superior Pair of Yellow Bay Horses, 5 years old, 15 hands 3 inches high, very little white, and long switch tails; warranted sound and kind. A line directed to the subscriber, near Princeton, N. J., will meet immediate attention.

[S8-2t*] ABM. CRUSER.

WORTHY ATTENTION—HORSES.

A FRESH Supply of WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS, for Horses, just received by the *Great Western*.—This invaluable preparation is gaining as great celebrity in this country as it has already done in England and France. Scarcely an individual in the old country who does not give to each of his horses two or three packages every Spring and Autumn. They prove a safeguard against every complaint that the horse is subject to, and will destroy the worms and botts—it loosens the hide, purifies the blood (which does away the necessity of bleeding), and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. Sold in packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each package, by J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, sole agent for the city of New York. [S8-tf.]

REPEATING FIRE ARMS--COLT'S PATENT.
No. 155 Broadway, New York.

THIS Company, the sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols, and other Fire Arms, have reduced the prices of Arms about Thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this Company. The Company are determined to reduce the prices of their admirable Arms so low, while at the same time they are determined to prosecute any infringement, as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from Practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other Arms for Sporting, Attack, and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. With one of these Rifles or Pistols (the weight and size of which does not exceed the ordinary Pistol or Rifle) the bearer is able to fire in rapid succession, from ten to sixteen charges, while at the same time he may suspend the firing at the end of each discharge, and all the charges can be reloaded in less time than the ordinary single charge arms.

The Perfection to which the Company have brought their works, enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and as they believe, equal to any thing brought from Europe. And they offer their arms at prices less than they can be furnished elsewhere, wholly independent of any patent right protection.

Their Repeating Rifles will now be sold at from $50 to $60, and equipments $15, averaging from $65 to $75 complete, and their Repeating Pistols from $20 to $35, depending upon the size and quality, all of perfect workmanship and material.

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition Flasks, and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms.—Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a Gun, Rifle, or Pistol.

They hope, in the course of a few months to present to the public Repeating Shot Guns, the model of which has been prepared and tested.

They would call the attention of the Agents of Foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and Soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A Detachment of Eighty men is an equal force to Eight Hundred with the ordinary Rifles or Musket. The Rifles and large Pistols are especially desirable *in arming the Police or Guards, or Watch of Cities and Fortifications, and on Ship board and Plantations.*

Orders for large quantities can be executed within ninety days from the time they are given.

The Company are always ready to apply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their Arms.

N.B.—All Articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Co. Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention if directed to the Subscriber,

[S8-tf.] C. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N.Y.

S. J. SYLVESTER,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, 15*l.*, 26*l.*, to 1000*l.*, (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH J. C. FALL RACES.

THE First Meeting of the New Club will take place over the Norfolk Course the 3d Tuesday, 16th Oct., and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race; sub. 50, P.P., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats. Four or more to made a race. Now 2 subs. To close 22d Oct.
Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. 20, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $30, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $100, ent. $10, free for any horse or mare that did not win a race during the meeting. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

[S1] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

CAMDEN (S. C.) FALL RACES.

THE above Races will commence on the 1st Monday, 5th Nov. next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of 10 subs. at $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse ——, Four mile heats.
Third day— " " " Three mile heats.
Fourth day— " " " Two mile heats.

The Purse for each day to be hung up at the Stand.

[S1-8t] A. R. RUFFIN, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

PIGEON SHOOTING SWEEPSTAKES.

A Pigeon Shooting Sweepstakes is now open on the Beacon Course, at $100 each subscription; as soon as ten shall have sent in their names, a meeting of those who have subscribed will be called at the Pavillion on the Beacon Course, to make all and every necessary preliminary. The stake will close on the 15th of Sept. At the time of the meeting, which will be advertised, each subscriber is to pay $25 of his subscription, and the balance on the 15th of Sept., when the stake closes. Any gentleman wishing to subscribe, will please address a letter to the editor of this paper.

Mr. Browning, the resident proprietor of the Course, will have, in a few days, a number of pigeons for the use of those gentlemen desiring to practice. [A25]

COLUMBUS (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence over the Western Course at this place, on 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; now 3 subs., viz:

Col. G. Edmundson, | Messrs. Hammond & Co. | Iverson & Bonner.

Second day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats,	$350
Third day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats,	500
Fourth day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats,	800
Fifth day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5,	300

The Fall campaign will commence here, and that all may have a fair start, three additional stables, to those owned here, are on their way to our course to commence training. Our sporting friends of Alabama and South Carolina are therefore invited also to come and measure strength with the Georgians, at the onset, and return the last week in April next to the regular Spring meeting, to test with them the long rub. To avoid inconvenience, those intending to come with stables, would do well to write the Secretary, that suitable accommodations should be in readiness.

[A11-eow6o] S. M. JACKSON, *Secretary.*

The Alabama Journal, Chronicle and Sentinel, Augusta, Journal and Recorder, Milledgeville, will publish the above every other week till the races, and forward their accounts to the Secretary.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are offered to come off over the above course the first part of October next.

1. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
2. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
3. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats in harness. Three or more to make a race.
4. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor; Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.
5. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.
6. Sweepstakes free for all trotting horses; sub. $200, h. ft., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

All the above stakes will close on Monday, the 10th of Sept.

Entries to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No. 31 Park Row, on or before the 10th Sept. next, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

Centreville, L. I., Aug. 3, 1838.—[A4] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

TROTTING PURSES—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE First Fall Meeting at the above course will commence on Tuesday, 25th Sept. next, and continue four days.

First day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never trotted for a purse over $50; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses; Three mile heats, in Harness.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for a purse over $50; Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for a purse of $100; Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats, in Harness.

Fourth day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses; Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

All entries to be made at the Course the day previous, by 6 o'clock. P. M.

[A25] A. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING of 1838 over this course, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100. Two mile heats. Closed with six subs., viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
2. W. Livingston names produce of Medora and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
4. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove and Roman.
5. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace and Eclipse.
6. Wm. Gibbons names gr. c. *Avalanche*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by First Consul.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50. Two mile heats. Four subs and closed, viz:—

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom and Eclipse.
2. Also, produce of Meg Dodds and Eclipse.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson and Henry.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $150, ft. 50, Mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. To this stake several gentlemen have promised entries.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages.
Third day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $75; Two mile heats. To close on the 10th Sept. next. Now several subs
Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Closed with five subs., viz:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Eclipse.
3. Also, produce of Polly Hopkins and Eclipse.
4. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
5. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either stake not yet closed, will please forward their entries without delay. The latter one of the two promises to have many subscribers, as a number of colts in the vicinity of the Island, now disengaged, are in training.

Stakes of all sizes, and proper distances, to be run over this course, are constantly open on the *Secretary's Book*. Gentlemen wishing to enter are respectfully requested to communicate with the Secretary, and they will be particularly attended to without delay.

The races over the Beacon Course, opposite the city of New York, will come off the week following the Union. Particulars in time.

Persons wishing to rent Stands on the Union Course, for purposes of refreshment only are requested to call on either of the proprietors without delay.

A. L. BOTTS.
New York, Aug. 16, 1838. [A18] D. H. BRANCH.

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on the third Tuesday, 18th Sept., when the following purses will be run for, viz:

First day—Proprietor's Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Same day—A Post Sweepstake for 3 year olds, sub. $100, Two mile heats; to close the day previous to the race.
Second day—A Service of Silver Plate, value $400, the winner to receive the Plate or the money at his option. Two mile heats.
Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; to name and close the day previous to the race.
Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Maysville, July 26, 1838. [A11] Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

HUNTING PARK COURSE—PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Premiums and Sweepstakes are to come off over the above course on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept., commencing each day at 12 o'clock.

First day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, free for all running horses.
Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, sub. $100, h. ft., and $100 added. Mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To close 17th Sept. next.
Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won over $50, sub. $50, h. ft. with $50 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.
Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, free for all running horses.
Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.
Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all running horses.
Same day—Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., and $100 added. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a trot.
Fourth day—Purse $200 Mile heats, best 3 in 5. Free for all running horses.
Same day—Sweepstakes for trotting horses, sub. $250, h. ft., with $100 added. Three mile heats under the Saddle. Three or more to make a trot.

The Running to be governed by Camden Rules. The Trotting to be governed by the old Rules of this Course.

All entries to be made at the Course, enclosed, by 6 o'clock the day previous to each day's race or trot

The Trotting Sweepstakes to close on or before the 17th Sept. next.

Philadelphia, Aug 13, 1838. [A18] JAMES BROWN, *Proprietor.*

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. Closed 15th Aug. with 4 subs.

Capt. John Heth names Mr. Hicks' f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab.
Col. F. Thompson names Col. Stonestreet's gr. f. Lilly, by Tichicus, out of Laura.
Mr. Gettings names b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
E. J. Wilson names b. c by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham.

There will also be a stake left open to be run the last day of the races, for colts that have never won a race; sub. $100, ft. $50. To close 20th Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $25, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $40, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—A Ladies' Purse of $200, ent. $20, Two mile heats.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the second stake will please address the Proprietor at Washington City, to the care of Wm. Holmead.

[S1] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

EARLY in October next Mr. WHITTAKER'S second sale of pure improved Short Horns will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia. Due notice will be given of the day of sale, when pedigrees in detail will be furnished.

The subscriber is authorized by Col. Powel to state that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns, which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whittaeer's possession, or had been derived from his fold. In this sale Col. Powel has not the slightest interest. [S1-2t] C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

SWEEPSTAKES, METARIE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $300; Mile heats. To name and close 15th Oct. Four or more to make a race. To come off on the Tuesday of the week of the regular Jockey Club Fall meeting. Now 5 subs.

James S. Garrison, | Mr. R. Barrow, | Richard Adams.
Dr. Ira Smith, | Thos. J. Wells, |

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $150; Mile heats. Six or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Monday preceding the regular Spring meeting of 1839. Now 4 subs.

Nontfort Wells, | W. J. Minor,
Col. A. L. Bingaman, | C. C. S. Farrar.

3 Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $1000, ft. $250; Two mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1839. To come off on the Tuesday in the week of the regular Spring meeting. 1838. Now 2 subs.

Montfort Wells, | C. C. S. Farrar.

Gentlemen desirous of making nominations in any of the above stakes, will please address S. M. READ, *Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club.*

New Orleans, Aug. 12, 1838.—[A25]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836 (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months' Subscription, in advance	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines) first insertion	$5 00
For Ditto (Ditto) each subsequent insertion	1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.